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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

TOYS FOR POOR CHILDREN.



Here you see an employé of Messrs. Barratt's factory busy at work filling up the stockings of toys and bon-bons subscribed for the poor children at Christmas by readers of the "Daily Mail."

GENERAL NOGI WRITING HIS DISPATCHES.



General Nogi, commander of the besieging forces before Port Arthur, writing some of his dispatches describing the attacks made by his men of the Third Japanese Army. General Nogi's latest dispatch received at Tokio describes how his men have achieved a great success at Port Arthur, and have captured the first of the permanent forts, North Kikwan, which stands to the east of the town. —(From stereograph copyright, 1904, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WILL SPEND CHRISTMAS.



A winter view of Sandringham House, the Norfolk home of the King and Queen, where their Majesties always like to spend Christmas quietly, surrounded by members of their family. The King and Queen will leave London for Sandringham to-day, where they will remain until after the holidays. —(Photograph by Ralph, Dersingham).

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 5.

THE COLISEUM

Opens Saturday, Dec. 24,

At 11 a.m. for 12 o'clock.

BOOKING OFFICES IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE AND MAY'S BUILDINGS
(off St. Martin's Lane).

TRIPLE ELECTRIC REVOLVING STAGE.

AUDITORIUM CHORISTERS.

FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY

At 12, 3, 6, and 9 o'clock.

All Seats, whatever the price, Numbered and Reserved and Bookable in Advance.

EACH PERFORMANCE OCCUPIES TWO HOURS.

The Tea Rooms, American Bar, and Confectionery Stalls are under the direction of Messrs. Fullers, Limited, of Regent Street. Five o'clock Tea between 3 to 5 and 6 to 8 Performances a Speciality. Dainty Snacks at Moderate Charges All Day.

THE COLISEUM IS COLOSSAL, MAGNIFICENT, AND SOMETHING NEW.

Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

PROGRAMME FOR

FIRST PERFORMANCE & THIRD PERFORMANCE.

12 to 2 o'clock (Doors open 11 a.m.). 6 to 8 o'clock (Doors open 5 p.m.).

COLISEUM CHORISTERS AT ALL PERFORMANCES.

GRAND MUSICAL SPECTACLE, entitled
PORT ARTHUR
Assault by Land and Sea.

Music by Walter Slaughter. Lyrics by Roland Carse.
Scenes by Bruce Smith. Produced by Marshall Moore.
'Shell'd from the right, from the left, from the fore,
'Shell'd from the Ocean, and shell'd from the shore.'

ALLAN MORRIS and the COLISEUM
CHORISTERS

In the Popular Song, entitled "BLUE BELL,"
The incidents of which are illustrated.

MISS DECIMA MOORE
In her Popular Irish Scene, "BARNEY," supported by all the Boys and Girls from the Fair. Scene, "IN THE WILDS OF CONNEMARA" (Cecil Hicks).

The American
SISTERS MEREDITH.

The Princess and The Lover, in AN INDIAN
MAIDEN'S LOVE SONG, "OOWANA."
Scene: On the Banks of the Ganges. J. A. Hicks.
Indian Maidens—Mesdames Ellemere, Fowler,
Rodney, Elise Barone, Josephs, Silverman, Hastings,
Grainger. Indian Youth—Messrs. Morris, Anson,
Gordon, Richards, Temple, Fairfax, Richmond.

A Country Scene in Victorian Days, entitled

THE LAST LOAD.

Written by ARTHUR STURGESS. Music by NAPOLEON LAMBELET.

Scene by R. C. MCCLUREY.

The Squire - J. C. PIDDOCK. The Squire's Daughter - SYLVIA SABLANC.
The Farmer - ROBERT DALY.
The Oldest Inhabitant - FRED. TEMPLE.
The Town Crier - ALLAN MORRIS.
The Schoolmaster - HAMPTON GORDON.
The Head - MYLES ANSON.
The Shepherd - LESLIE FAIRFAX.
Gamekeepers - SEYMOUR RICHARDS.
The Squire's Friend - J. REDMOND.
The Squire's Wife - SYDNEY ASH.
The Farmer's Wife - SYBIL LONSDALE.

Dairy Maids—Mesdames Fowler, Ellemere, Josephs, Silverman, Elise Barone, Ethel Barone, Rodney Seymour, Grainger—Mesdames Skelley, Grenville, Ida Bailey, Corke, Hope, Bennett, Long, Cunningham, Stevenson, Kathleen Martin, Maud Jenkins, Decima Chatteris. Yokels, Villagers, School Boys and Girls, etc.

MAY EDOUIN & FRED. EDWARDS
(Daughter of Willie Edouin)
in a Comedy Episode, "THE BACHELOR'S
DREAM."

Scene "OUTSIDE THE CASINO" (J. A. Hicks).

THE DEBREANS.

Amusing the visitors with Japanese Juggling and
Comical Scitography.

THE BOISSETS

as "The Bricklayers."

**THE TROUBADOURS
COMEDY QUARTETTE.**

THE REIFF BROTHERS.
Specialists in American Dancing.

Mlle. SYLVIA SABLANC

In Song, "THE PICKLE GIRL."

Scene: Amongst the Pickle Jars at Brosse and Clackwell's. Other Pickles—Mesdames Nellie Beryl, Bessie Butt, Margerie Skelley, Amy Long, K. Martin, Stevenson, Jenkin, and Nainby.

PROGRAMME FOR

SECOND PERFORMANCE & FOURTH PERFORMANCE.

3 to 5 o'clock (Doors open 2 p.m.). 9 to 11 o'clock (Doors open 8 p.m.).

COLISEUM CHORISTERS AT ALL PERFORMANCES.

A Scene at Epsom! GRAND MUSICAL
Spectacle, entitled

THE DERBY.

An unprecedented attempt to produce a fac-simile of the famous race from start to finish, with Real Horses, running freely and the best horse winning. Music by Walter Slaughter. Lyrics by Roland Carse. Scenes by Bruce Smith. Produced by Marshall Moore.

An Illustrated Song,
MISSOURI RIVER.

Music by Walter Slaughter. Words by A. Anderson.
Sung by Berthe Palliser and Coliseum Choristers.

Scene—On the Lawn at Henley (Cecil Hicks).

The 3 BOUNDING PATTISSONS.

On Triple Bars and Trampolin.

A Scene at the London Hippodrome
(Cecil Hicks).

MDLLE. CLEMENTA,

With her Highly Trained Horse and Looping the Loop Dog, Millionaire—K. Johnston, Ring Master—Sydney Ash; Chef d'Orchestre—Alec Macmillan; Murchiston Boy—Bert Barton.

MISS MADGE LESSING,

In the Stirring Military Song, "GOOD-BYE, LITTLE GIRL! GOOD-BYE!" Supported by the Pipes and Drummers of the Caledonian Boys' Band and a detachment of Highland Soldiers. Scene by J. A. Hicks and M. Frey. To be followed by a Song Scene, "WITCHES." Scene by C. Hicks. IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, in which Miss LESSING is supported by a picked Double Octette of Coliseum Dancers.

"THE RIVER GIRL."

A Summer Idyll. Music by N. Lambelet. Lyrics by Roland Carse.

Scene—The Thames near Marlow.
The River Girl - Miss Berthe Palliser.
The Gondolier - Mr. J. C. Piddock.

Guests—Mesdames Gracia, Lonsdale, Ethel Barone, Elise Barone, J. Beresford, F. Fowler, A. Josephs, A. Rodney, Mabel York, M. Ellemere, Claire Seymour; Messrs. Richards, Daly, Gordon, Anson, Richmond, Fairfax, and Temple.

COOKE & MISS ROTHERT,
Eccentrics.

R. A. ROBERTS,

In his Protean Sketch, "DICK TURPIN," Characters by R. A. ROBERTS only.
Five Scenes by J. A. Hicks. 1—R. A. Roberts at Home. 2—Approach to the Spaniards Inn, Hampstead Heath. 3—Interior of the Spaniards. 4—Outside the Stable. 5—Mr. Roberts himself again.

MISS MILLIE HYLTON.

Scene—The Eggs and Creameries (R. C. McClurey). Song, "DAIRY MARY" (Gilbert Lave). Supported by a bevy of Dairy-maids. To be followed by "THE BELLES' PARADE." Words by OSWALD STOLL. Music by WALTER SLAUGHTER. Scene—AT MONTE CARLO (J. A. Hicks). Parade of Fashion Plates.

Artistic and Popular

'GENE STRATTON

In LESLIE STUART'S Latest Strattonian Creation, entitled

"MY LITTLE BLACK PEARL."

Scene—ON THE RIO GRANDE RIVER, SANTA FE. (R. C. McClurey) Supported by Miss Bessie Hunt, &c. Sixteen Picked Dancers introduced into this Scene by Mr. STRATTON himself.

TWO BOOKING OFFICES are open daily, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; one in St. Martin's-lane, for Boxes, Orchestra Stalls, Royal Stalls, and Grand Tier Stalls; another in May's Buildings (next opening on the right up St. Martin's-lane) for Grand Tier and Balcony.

A Special Ticket is printed for every seat whatever the price. A ticket for standing room only will bear those words in plain type. You may secure your Ticket at any hour between 10 and 10¹⁵ by Letter, Telegram, or Telephone Message. Tickets being held until sufficient time has elapsed for receipt of cash, postal orders, or stamps.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—BOXES, £1 1s. for 4 persons; Extra Seats, 5s.; Royal Box, £2 2s.; Extra Seats, 10s.; ORCHESTRA STALLS, Numbered and Reserved, 4s.; (bookable in advance). ROYAL STALLS, Numbered and Reserved, 3s.; (bookable in advance). GRAND TIER STALLS, Numbered and Reserved, 2s.; (bookable in advance). BALCONY, Numbered and Reserved, 6d.; (bookable in advance). Children under 12 Half-price to all Stalls.

Even should you not book in Advance, the Ticket issued at the Ordinary Pay Office at any part of the House will specify a particular Seat, or, in the event of all Seats having been sold, will specify "Standing Room Only." Telegrams—"Coliseum, London."

Telephone—7541 Gerrard.

"THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE."

Japanese Volunteers Who Vowed to Conquer or Die.

SLAIN TO A MAN.

Obstinate Resistance of the Captured Fort's Garrison.

AN OLD SAMURAI'S BRAVERY.

The capture of the North Keekwan fort was as brilliant a feat of arms as any performed by the Japanese during the war.

Seven mines had been laid, and two bands of volunteers awaited their explosion as a signal for attack.

One band, distinguished by red badges, had vowed to take the fort or die in the attempt. The other, wearing white badges, were to wait in the saps.

Before the series of explosions had fairly concluded the eager little Japanese made a run for the fort. Some of them perished lamentably under the shower of falling masonry.

On they went, however, regardless of the terrible dynamite grenades that were exploding all around them.

The white volunteers rushed to their help, charging through the gaps in the war with fixed bayonets. The Russians behind the sandbag emplacements did not cease to resist until every man of them had been disabled.

The assault on the fort was led by the veteran General Samojima, who is to-day the popular hero of Japan.

WAR-WORN HERO.

Gallant Exploit of a Samurai Veteran of the Rebellion.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—All Japan is ringing with the praises of General Samojima, the hero of the capture of Keekwan.

It is not denied that his heroism inspired his men, and turned what threatened to be a disaster into a splendid victory.

General Samojima is an old Samurai veteran of the War of Restoration and the Satsuma rebellion; grey-haired and bent, but wiry and active.

He is an engineer, and was formerly a garrison commander in Japan. Being a specialist in fortification, he was called to Port Arthur to superintend the siege works, but was not assigned an active command.

It is supposed that he has replaced General Tuschija as division commander.—Reuter.

JAPAN'S LATEST SUCCESS.

Capture of Keekwan Fort Encourages Officials To Discuss Peace Terms.

The Japanese officials in London attach the greatest importance to the capture of Keekwan Fort at Port Arthur. It is almost the only fort remaining of any consequence in the outer line of defences, and the fall of the fortress should follow within a comparatively short time.

When this has been accomplished, says the Central News, and with the success of the Japanese arms in Manchuria, Japan will be ready to listen to proposals for peace.

Japan adheres to her determination to exclude any idea of Russian domination in Manchuria or Korea, and will insist on a money indemnity in order to clear herself of the various loans contracted abroad.

Meanwhile Japan is as determined as Russia that the situation will admit of no attempt at mediation on the part of any foreign Power, and that the first step in the direction of peace must come from Russia.

TO ATTACK THE BALTIC FLEET.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

HONG KONG, Tuesday.—From a trustworthy source I learn that a powerful Japanese squadron, composed of battleships and armoured cruisers, is now proceeding south, accompanied by fifteen colliers and transports, to attack the Baltic Fleet.

BLOCKADE RUNNER CAPTURED.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—The British steamer King Arthur was captured yesterday by the Japanese guardship Asagiri as she was attempting to escape from Port Arthur.—Reuter's Special.

JAPANESE SEIZE RUSSIAN STEAMER.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—The Japanese cruiser Tsushima yesterday seized the steamer Nigretia off Ulsan, Korea. The Nigretia was bound for Vladivostok, and carried a large quantity of contraband. It is reported that the Nigretia also carried officers and men of the Russian destroyers who escaped from their internment at Shanghai. These included the captain of the Groszovi.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—South-easterly breezes; fair and cold; frost and light frosts. About three weeks ago three strangers, two of whom were foreigners and the other an Englishman, arrived in Hull and mingled freely with the fisher-folk. They were lavish in their hospitality, and urged the bold trawlers to drink freely at their expense, making all payments with a cheerful alacrity.

OUTWITTED SPIES.

Amusing Story of a Russian Attempt to Corrupt Hull Fishermen.

The story of attempted bribery of Hull fishermen by Russian emissaries is confirmed by Mr. Beeching, one of the principal owners of the Gamecock fleet.

The details of the affair point to the adoption of the crudest methods by the tempters, with the result of a most amusing exposure.

They were most friendly to men who had given evidence at the Board of Trade inquiry, and, after a good deal of drinking, produced documents for these men to sign.

"These," said Mr. Beeching, in an interview, "I am told by the men themselves, and it can be proved up to the hilt, contained statements that there were torpedo-boats among the fishing fleet and torpedoes on board the trawlers. The men laughed at such a suggestion, and many of them refused to sign so absurd a document."

One or two, however, are said to have been so fuddled with drink that they did sign. Some of the rest, after spending several pleasant evenings with unlimited rum and cigars at their disposal, quietly hinted to their employers what was going on.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

It may be added that bribes as large as £5 were offered for the signing of these documents, while much greater inducements were held out to men who would go to Paris and give similar evidence before the Inquiry Commission.

In one case a man was offered as much as £250 as a preliminary payment, with a promise of more to follow.

The discomfiture of the spies is said to have been brought about by a hard-headed lawyer's clerk, who is well acquainted with fishing folk and their customs.

Dressed in the correct nautical garb of a North Sea fishing skipper, he spent several hard-drinking evenings with the mysterious three, and talked at random of Japanese torpedo-boats and kindred topics.

It is said that money was actually paid over to him, and a portentous statement was prepared for his signature.

Then the three emissaries appear to have become suspicious, for they disappeared from Hull just as mysteriously as they had arrived there.

NORTH SEA INQUIRY.

Paris Proceedings Delayed by Absence of the American Admiral.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—According to the programme drawn up for the North Sea Commission, the British, Russian, French, and American Admirals were to have paid their respects to the President of the Republic at 9.30 this morning.

Admirals Sir Lewis Beaumont, Kaznakoff, and Fourmies were duly received by M. Loubet at the Elysée, but Admiral Davis did not put in an appearance.

It transpired later that when the steamship Finland, with Admiral Davis on board, touched at Dover, instead of getting off and joining Admiral Beaumont, who was waiting for him, the American Admiral went on with the steamer as far as Antwerp.

He, therefore, will not reach Paris until tomorrow.

I learn that President Loubet's reception of the British Admiral was extremely cordial.

M. Loubet referred to King Edward in warm terms of friendship, and said how much he regretted that since his Majesty had ascended the throne it was impossible for him to come to Paris as often as when he was Prince of Wales.

It has been definitely arranged that the first meeting of the Commission shall be held on Thursday.

£40,000,000 FLEET.

The presence in Italy of a Russian military commission is accounted for by a report of ambitious naval schemes on Russia's part.

It is asserted that Russia wishes to rebuild her whole fleet, beginning with thirty battleships and cruisers, and 200 torpedo-boats. The expenditure is estimated at £40,000,000.

PORTUGUESE SOVEREIGNS RETURN.

LISBON, Tuesday.—King Carlos and Queen Amelia arrived here this afternoon at twenty minutes past two. Their Majesties had a brilliant reception from an enthusiastic crowd.

UNEMPLOYED MENACE.

Starving of West Ham Threaten to Storm the Docks.

WILD WORDS OF VIOLENCE.

Throughout London the unemployed problem grows day by day more acute. The out-of-work men of West Ham are reduced to the depths by their distress.

They seem hapless and helpless themselves, and their spokesmen use hot, revolutionary language, which stirs the wretched hearers almost to sedition and violence.

Ten thousand men are banded together who intend to conduct a "church parade"—as in desperate irony they call it—on Christmas Day. They mean to demonstrate before every church in the district.

Councillor Hayday, addressing 2,000 of the unemployed in the Public Hall, yesterday, made a desperate speech.

"You have seen tastily-dressed shops and artistic mottoes: 'Peace on earth and goodwill to men.' But what does Christmas mean to us?"

"At the best it is a cruel charity. And many of us here would rather die than depend on the charity of others. We don't want piecemeal charity; we demand a remedy."

"There may be cause to remember us ere long," he went on menacingly.

"This is no veiled threat. I know your want, your feelings."

"In the great dock warehouses there are clothes and flour in plenty; the accumulated result of the underpaid labour of past years."

He paused significantly, and the great audience, many of whom were fresh from vain struggles for work at the docks, cheered his words.

4,000 FOR 200 JOBS.

In one instance at the docks, where 200 men were required, 4,000 applicants fought for a place.

A father strove with his own son for a place near the great gate. The latter sullenly explained: "Well, I've got little children at home; he hasn't."

The Lord Mayor of London is to be asked to receive a deputation on behalf of this district, which is outside London charities and the scope of Mr. Long's Committee.

Mr. Fels's offer of land, if selected within two months, has been accepted, and a committee of the board of guardians is arranging details.

There is another class of workers whose voice is not heard in spite of their great distress. Never were there so many female workers idle.

Free libraries all over London are packed to overflowing every morning with girls who eagerly scan the advertisement columns of the daily papers.

At the meeting of the London County Council yesterday afternoon the General Purposes and all other committees which were providing work for the unemployed were empowered to act during the recess.

STRANGE COUNTESS STORY.

Her Son Alleges That She Is Kept a Prisoner by Force.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—The Paris police are investigating a curious charge.

It is alleged that an English countess, according to the French papers the "Countess of Gallway," who arrived at the Hotel du Louvre four years ago, in company with "the Count and Countess de Pully," has been kept a prisoner in her own room ever since.

The Countess's son, "Count Patrice de Gallway," has lodged a complaint with the Public Prosecutor, in which he states that for four years he has never been able to see or communicate with his mother.

He attributes this to the action of the "Count de Pully," whom he describes as an extremely violent man. His mother's personal fortune is a large one, and she inherits from his grandmother over £240,000.

"Count Patrice" says he is afraid that the "Count and Countess de Pully" are endeavouring to compel his mother to make a will.

The "Count de Pully" presents the English Countess by force from seeing her son, and he, therefore, asks the Public Prosecutor to make an inquiry into the facts of the case.

At the Hotel du Louvre it is stated that the Countess is paralysed, that she is constantly attended by two nurses, receives no one, and that her close retirement is entirely voluntary.

There is not a "Countess of Gallway" in "Burke's Peerage"—there is a Countess of Gallway, and also a Viscountess Gallway.

SEIZURE OF GERMAN SHIP.

The detention of the German steamer Echo, now loading at South Shields, is due to the fact that the load-line, though in accordance with German regulations, does not conform to English rule.

For some time past the advantage gained by foreign-owned cargo-carriers owing to divergence in load-line regulations, has been under the consideration of the Board of Trade.

"C.B." SAYS NOTHING.

Cataract of Words From the Alleged Leader of the Liberal Party.

VAGUE AS TO ALIENS,

But Accuses Mr. Chamberlain of Posing as a Missionary to Cover Shady Acts.

One thousand aliens arrived at Millwall Docks last night.

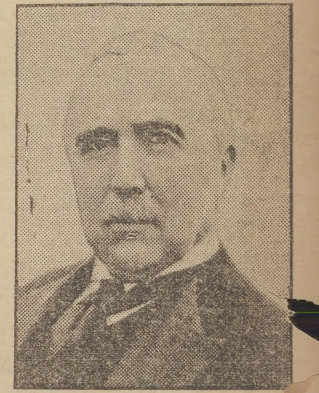
Four thousand people faced a platform crowded with Liberal peers and politicians at the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, last night, and were addressed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Shortly after eight o'clock Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman took his seat at the desk occupied last week by Mr. Chamberlain.

He was received with loud cheers.

He opened his speech by saying that the first subject to which they must give their consideration was the widespread and acute distress arising from non-employment which prevailed in parts of the metropolis and in certain districts throughout the country.

After saying that steps should be taken to permanently relieve the distress and provide work, and that the Government should be supported "so



Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who spoke at Limehouse last evening.—(Russell.)

long as they are going in the right direction to alleviate the suffering," Sir Henry said. The press pressed too heavily upon the poorer districts, and advocated the whole of the county of London being made a single area for rating purposes.

Sir Henry next referred to Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Limehouse last week.

"Mr. Chamberlain," he said, "came among you last week as a missionary of Empire."

"I was not aware that the Empire required to send out apostles to convert the heathen of Limehouse."

"I was rather under the impression that my countrymen had by this time found out that it is not those who are for ever mouthing the word 'Empire,' and claiming special devotion to the Empire, while using the word to cover shady acts and promote policies of their own, who are the best friends of the Empire."

"What is the particular gospel Mr. Chamberlain is going to preach?" cried Sir Henry.

With further emphasis he asked, "What authority has he to speak for the Empire?" Then, with withering scorn, and in impressive tones, he added: "Ladies and gentlemen, he has none."

"It is not for the Empire he is speaking. It is for himself and the Tariff Commission."

His only comment upon the Commission was a quotation from Burns:

"All mankind is very weak and little to be trusted. If sell the wavering balance shakes, it's rarely right adjusted."

"Has this missionary come with the authority of the Government?" asked Sir Henry. "We must conclude that Mr. Chamberlain came here as his practical mouthpiece, and I say it would have been more honest and more in accordance with the traditions of our public life if his supporters had frankly said so long ago. Let them tell us honestly what their policy is."

Sir Henry said that Mr. Chamberlain had refused to speak on the sugar question because he knew the convention had hit the confectionery and allied trades, and thrown thousands out of employment.

Then Sir Henry came to the alien question, and said that the Liberal Party were no more in favour of the introduction of undesirable than Mr. Chamberlain. But they objected to a measure which would subject every passenger arriving at our ports to the indignity of search and inspection.

The Bill of last session was, he declared, a farce.

Before making his speech Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman received a deputation from the unemployed in the Tower Hamlets Divisions and West Ham. Asked what he would suggest to deal with once with the distress, Sir Henry said it seemed to him Mr. Long was on the right lines, and he was disposed to give him all the support he could.

PEER AS FIREMAN.

Lord Lindsay's Vain Attempt to Save His Home from Fire.

Yesterday was a day of many fires.

Uffington House, the historic home of Lord Lindsay, situated near Stamford, was completely destroyed by fire, many valuable paintings and family heirlooms being totally lost.

When the fire was discovered, the Earl and Countess had just arrived from London, and were dressing for dinner.

Lord Lindsay at once started the manual engine kept at the house, and manipulated the hose from water in a fountain basin until the supply was exhausted, when he joined Lady Lindsay and their daughter in rescuing valuables in the mansion.

Two large factories in London were also consumed by fire. One was the boot factory of Messrs. Hartley, in Mare-street, Hackney, which made a surprising blaze, the flames leaping 40 ft. in the air.

The other fire occurred on the premises of Messrs. H. Smith and Co., packing-case makers, of Clinton-road, Mile End-road.

There was much excitement caused in Nottingham by a fire which took place early yesterday morning.

All the occupants had to jump out of the windows. One old lady, Selma Perkins by name, who had celebrated her seventieth birthday on the preceding day, fractured her collar-bone and sustained other injuries, in spite of a sheet which was held to break her fall.

ROMANCE OF "BART'S."

Handsome Hospital Probationer To Marry a Retired Admiral.

Early in the New Year another matrimonial romance will be added to the list already associated with St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The bridegroom will be Admiral Sir John Kennedy Erskine Baird, K.C.B., who is in his seventy-second year, and the bride Miss Constance Clarke, a handsome brunette on the nursing staff of "Bart's."

Sir John is the second son of the second baronet of the family, which belongs to Newbyth, Haddington, N.B. Born in 1833, he served with distinction in the Baltic during the Crimean war, and subsequently held various important posts of command in the Navy. Since 1897 he has been on the retired list.

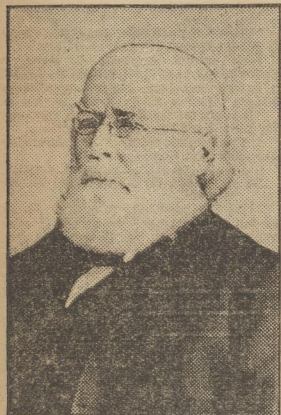
It is interesting to recall that a sister of the Duke of Norfolk was a nurse in "Bart's" when she became engaged to Dr. Stewart, whom she married shortly after.

The matrimonial romance of one of Lord Dalrymple's sisters also took place while the lady was on the nursing staff of the famous hospital.

SIR LOWTHIAN BELL DEAD.

Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, whose death occurred yesterday, was the "father" of the iron and coal mining industries. He was the owner of some thousands of acres of mineral land, a director of the North-Eastern Railway, and president of the Institute of Mining Engineers.

Until shortly before his death he was the picture of hale old age; and at nearly ninety years could



Sir Lowthian Bell, Bart., who died yesterday at Roughton Grange, Northampton, at the age of eighty-eight.—(Elliott and Fry.)

have rivalled in physical feats many men of half his age.

An enthusiastic gardener, Sir Isaac was fond of attributing his health and optimism to that avocation.

PRINCE OF DETECTIVES.

Inspector Froest About To Leave Scotland Yard.

HIS FAMOUS CAPTURES.

Scotland Yard will be decidedly the poorer by the retirement within the next few days of Chief Detective-superintendent F. Froest, of the C. I. Department. Though never a "showy" officer, "Frankie," as he was called at the Yard, had no superior of his year in the craft of his calling.

He possessed the supreme quality—like Marshall, and Conquest before him—of looking exceedingly unlike a detective. A fluent French speaker, and of polished manners, his suavity was gracefulness itself.

It is said that a fugitive from justice, with whom Mr. Froest sat conversing in a hotel, took him so far into his confidence that the detective stopped him suddenly with the remark: "You have already said too much, friend. I am here to arrest you." Of all his many cases of distinction, the arrest of Jabez Balfour ranks foremost. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the detective should be retiring at a time when the approaching release of the Liberator prisoner is being freely spoken of.

It was by carefully-laid plans that he tracked Jabez to his hiding-place in South America.

Many a time he waited his opportunity, following the fugitive, who was accompanied by his niece, from town to town, and holding heated debates with the native Government officials in Argentina and neighbouring states, till finally he overcame them all and succeeded in bringing the arch schemer from Buenos Ayres on the Tartar Prince to London.

Rewards and Compliments.

Notorious prisoners who have passed through his hands have spoken in the highest terms of the courteous and gentlemanly manner in which he performed his unpopular duties. Time and again he has received commendations and rewards from Judges and the Commissioner, in addition to presents from foreign Governments.

The Whitechapel murders also engaged Mr. Froest's skill; the Liverpool bank panic, in which, together with the Hooley case, is still fresh in the public mind; the apprehension of the sailor who stole the Nelson relics from the Greenwich Hospital, for which the Lords of the Admiralty presented him with a testimonial.

He is still a fine-looking, active man, well set up, and alert, and has more the appearance of a prosperous City merchant than a police officer. It will be remembered that Mr. Froest was one of the principal witnesses in the "Smith-Beck" case, and also before the Commission which recently inquired into the facts surrounding the wrongful conviction of Mr. Beck.

Beginning at the bottom of the ladder, Mr. Froest climbed his way up by rapid degrees, and will leave a great reputation behind him, as he enters on the enjoyment of a full pension after twenty-six years' service—still considerably under fifty.

WASTE IN HOSPITALS.

Why a Suggestion by the Prince of Wales Is Considered Impracticable.

In his criticism of hospital management, at the meeting for the distribution of King Edward's Fund, the Prince of Wales contended that there was considerable scope for increased economy in the catering department of some of these institutions.

His Royal Highness pointed to notable discrepancies in the comparative prices at which meat and other commodities were purchased, the lowest and highest prices for fowls varying as much as 1s. 1d.

The steward of "Bart's," however, stated yesterday that there must be a marked difference between the prices paid by small and large hospitals. "Our contracts," he said, "are for such large amounts that we naturally get lower prices. A small hospital would necessarily have to pay much more than we do. Also hospitals frequently have different foods, according to their patients."

MR. HAMAR BASS AND THE "ERA."

Mr. Hamar Bass assumes possession of the "Era," the oldest theatrical newspaper, early in the new year.

The new owner, who is buying the paper as an investment, will not interfere with its future policy. The staff and policy will be practically unchanged. Mr. Bass will be represented in the directory by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

SLATE CLUB TRAGEDY.

Last night the members of a Pangbourne slate club met for their annual sharing out. The treasurer suddenly left the room, and as he did not return, a search was made for him, and he was found on the railway cut to pieces.

Afterwards it was found that there was nothing to the club's credit in the savings bank account, which should have contained £70.

FIGHT FOR FOOD.

Honest Out-of-Work Tells His Own Pitiful Story.

MOCKERY OF CHRISTMAS.

"Anybody who is willing to work can get work. The man who says that he can't get work, provided he is able-bodied, is a half-hearted creature whom it is not worth anybody's while to employ."

You have often heard an opinion like the above given by other people. Possibly you may have said something of the same sort yourself.

Is it true?

Let an unfortunate one—who has wearily tramped this city of ours through and through in search of work for days and days, and weeks and weeks, full of despair—tell his story, and then ask us to believe a man, hungering for work, willing to do anything, eager for any chance to earn his bare bread, can meet with a heart-breaking series of rebuffs, refusals, and endless failure in his quest.

Then let him again ask you whether it is true or not.

"I Will Get Work."

The following is his story:— I was on my beam ends, as miserable as a man could be. Try as I would I could not get employment in the work to which I was trained. My scanty savings which I had by me when my employer failed—because the trade to which he belonged is a dying one—had come to an end. I said, "I will turn my hand to anything. I will get work."

So I set out in search of anything one damp, chilly morning.

I could write a good hand. I determined to seek a job where this would be useful. "The London County Council employs men to write," I said. "I will try the Council first." To the offices of the L.C.C. Education Committee I went.

I got a courteous answer—nothing more. In Room 157, second floor, I was told that no attendance officers—the L.C.C. employs 1,000 attendance officers, and as a would-be attendance officer I presented myself—would be wanted for at least three months. As I left I consoled myself with the reflection that public appointments are much sought for. "But perhaps there will be a better chance at Spring-gardens," I said to myself.

At Spring-gardens I selected a kindly-looking commissioner and told him my errand, that I was an unskilled man looking for any sort of job. "Go to the Works Department, Belvedere-road," he said; but there was something in his tone that made me see my going was hopeless. Still I went. I was there in ten minutes.

"After Christmas!"

A timekeeper stopped me at the big doors. "Any chance of a job?" I asked. His answer was like a douche of cold water.

"No one wanted in any branch until after Christmas," he said.

Then I went and stood in the middle of the pavement and thought. My thoughts were not pleasant. In Millbank-street I saw a building being put up for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. I asked for work. "We have half a hundred on the roll now," I was told.

Out I went into the street, and wondered which way to turn. Wondering is cold work when you stand still to do it with no overcoat on, and with a heart that you feel sinking lower and lower. I started again—to warm myself by looking for work.

"My good mate," he said, when I told him my business. "Pull up. You might get a chance after Christmas?"

After Christmas? It was a miserable echo of the L.C.C. man's answer to me. After Christmas. What good was that to a man with a prospect of spending his Christmas in the streets?

I walked into the Lambeth Borough Council yard. Would they talk to me here about after Christmas? They did not. That was all that mitigated the reply that they had more men than they wanted.

As I walked back across Westminster Bridge I looked down at the river. My thought then was that it afforded work for luckier men. I have looked at it with other terrible thoughts since.

In Millbank-street I saw a building being put up for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. I asked for work. "We have half a hundred on the roll now," I was told.

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"No Chance for Unskilled Men."

I looked up and saw the cold storage factory of Carlo Gatti, Stevenson and Slater. The irony of that word "cold" almost made me smile. The welcome I got inside was warmer than I expected. "Wish there was work for you chaps," was the sympathetic addition to the usual refusal.

When I came out the temptation assailed me to seek some sheltered corner and take a rest. My thoughts went to a little bit of tobacco that still remained in my box. "What, going to stick already?" I said to myself. "I will get work."

A scavenger's cart, outside of John Mowlem and Co.'s, in Grosvenor-road, raised my hopes. They were dashed by that horrible, "After Christmas, perhaps."

I was now very hungry, for an out-of-work man has to do without breakfast. "I will eat the bit of bread and cheese I have got in my pocket," I said; and then I said, "No, before I eat I will get work."

(To be continued.)

ROAST CYGNETS.

How They Will Be Cooked for the King's Christmas Dinner.

Among the dishes that grace the royal table on Christmas Day roast cygnet will make a gallant show. The birds are chosen from among the King's swans on the Thames, having been set aside by the swanmaster, Mr. T. R. Abnett, of East Molesey, some time ago, to undergo a fattening process to fit them for their dignified fate.

In the old days the cygnet, like the peacock, was a favourite dish for a banquet, and the recipe for cooking it has been enshrined in quaint rhyme. The cook is instructed to

Take three pounds of beef, beat fine in a mortar, Put it into the Swan—that is, when you have caught her, Some pepper, salt, nutmeg; some nutmeg, an onion Will heighten the flavour in Gourmand's opinion. Then tie it up tight with a small piece of tape, That the gravy and other things may not escape; And some whitened brown paper should cover the rest. Fifteen minutes at least ere the Swan you take down, Pull the paste off the bird that the breast may get brown.

There is also a rhymed recipe for the gravy, which consists of good beef gravy, liberally strengthened with port wine.

COSTLY CHRISTMAS TOYS.

Marconi Installations and Miniature Forts That Cost £250 Each.

Toys this Christmas are more costly and more elaborate than they have ever been before. In prices they range from £250 for a miniature fort with railway system, garrison, and artillery complete, to a 1d. for a pair of boxers or a jumping bottle.

One of the most popular toys this Christmas is the Marconi installation. It is an exact reproduction in miniature of a Marconi instrument, and will send messages several yards. Its price is 43s.

The majority of toys, of course, are Japanese or Russian, and soldiers will be the most popular Christmas present this year.

There are gunboats, which leave port, steam out, fire a gun, and return. Submarines, which discharge infinitesimal torpedoes beneath the water, and flying machines, guaranteed to fly.

CHRISTMAS EXODUS.

How and Where Notable People Will Spend the Yule-Tide Holiday.

Yesterday the Christmas rush at the different stations began.

The King and Queen left town yesterday. At Sandringham they will entertain a large household party, including a few intimate friends. The Prince and Princess of Wales will stay at York Cottage, but will take part in all the Sandringham festivities.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be at Bagshot; Prince and Princess Christian and their daughters entertain Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein at Cumberland Lodge; Princess Beatrice will be in the Isle of Wight; and the Duchess of Albany has the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck as guests at Claremont.

There will be the usual big family party at Chatsworth, where the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire will entertain Lord and Lady Gosford and their daughters, Lord and Lady Alice Stanley, Lord Charles Montagu, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, and many others.

At Eaton Hall the Duke and Duchess of Westminster will have a family party, including Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia.

BENCH DISBELIEVE A BISHOP.

Having to choose between the evidence of the Bishop of Winchester and the police, the Alton Bench yesterday decided against the Bishop, and fined his chauffeur £2 for reckless driving.

The Bishop's motor-car frightened a horse, which bolted, smashed into a cart, and finally landed in a shop window.

Asked, as a man of the world, whether there was any recklessness, the Bishop replied "Certainly not." One witness, however, said he had never seen a car driven faster.

PASSENGERS SHAKEN.

At Crews Station yesterday afternoon a Manchester express ran into a train of empty coaches passing out from a loop line.

Several of the empty coaches were smashed to matchwood, and for some time traffic was impeded. The passengers were violently shaken, and many complained of shock, but no one was detained.

MR. LAWSON AND MILE END.

Mr. H. W. L. Lawson, who has been selected as the Conservative candidate for Mile End, will, it is expected, visit the constituency today.

Mr. Lawson is at present staying with his father, Lord Burnham, who is entertaining the King.

At the close of the visit Mr. Lawson will proceed to the Mile End Division to undertake his campaign.

THE SLIDING BOG.

Advancing Slowly but Surely on an Irish Town.

The bog at Cloonshever, Co. Roscommon, which has broken from its foundations, was yesterday still slowly but surely advancing on the town of Castleroa.

Great excitement prevailed among the peasantry, whose cottages lie between the bog and the town.

The huge mass of peat and mud has forced its way irresistibly across the public road from Castleroa to Frenchpark, and it now blocks the thoroughfare for three-quarters of a mile. A coating, about 8ft. deep, has been deposited. The peasantry on noticing the first symptoms of a bog slide on Saturday had their houses cleared and their stock removed to a place of safety.

These were wise precautions, for now the bog has advanced on the houses and surrounded them to the depth of several feet. In the interiors the water and slush has risen to the height of the windows. In the village of Cloonshever large areas of tilled land have been obliterated, and a rick of hay and sixteen barrels of potatoes were borne off in the peaty, slushy mass.

A temporary check has been given to the advance of the bog by a strong, double fence, but when



Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, who has been selected as Unionist Parliamentary candidate for Mile End. He is the eldest son of Lord Burnham, principal proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph."—(Russell.)

this is broken through the bog will move onwards to Kilgriffin, and thence the descent is direct to Castlelea. A large area has been left by the moving mass in a state of virgin savagery.

DETECTIVE AS BURGLAR?

Said To Be from Slater's and Charged with Housebreaking in South London.

A private detective who is alleged to have been the moving spirit in a series of South London burglaries—quite forty complaints have been received by the police within a brief period—stood in the dock at the South-Western Court yesterday. The name of the supposed burglar is Joseph Machin Hirst. He is a man of youthful appearance, and was dressed in extremely good style. At one time, it was stated, he was connected with Slater's Agency.

The specific charges against him were of burglary at the residence of Mr. William Bellamy Nichols in Alderbrook-road, Balham, and at that of Mr. A. L. Polding in Fieldhouse-road, Clapham. From both houses a large quantity of valuable property was stolen.

Hirst's furnished apartments in Ramsden-road, Balham, were searched, and a great quantity of watches, necklaces, bangles, and jewellery of every description found. The police also discovered a great assortment of implements used by thieves.

Hirst, who offered no defence, and stood sullenly in the dock, was remanded.

THINNEST WATCHES
IN THE WORLD.

REDUCED TO 25/- FIVE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.

Blue Oxidized Cases - Jewelled Lever Movements - ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.

V. SAMUEL & CO.,
26, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

TRAGEDY OF POVERTY

Death and Starvation Assail a Home.

ANGUISHED WIFE.

A heartrending story of poverty was told at the Mansion House yesterday.

A woman had been compelled to see her husband lying at the point of death and her children starving with the knowledge that she was powerless to relieve their sufferings. At last her anguish was no longer bearable, and she was about to leap from the parapet of London Bridge into the Thames when the hand of a passer-by snatched her back.

After her arrest Police Constable Burcham went to her home in Summer-road, Peckham. He found her husband in the last stage of consumption. A coat and a few scraps of clothing were all his covering. The woman had said that she expected to find her husband dead on her return, and so thought she would "go with him."

Children Without Food.

The room was practically bare of furniture, and the policeman found that the two children—a girl, aged eleven, and a boy, aged nine—had no food since the previous evening.

With his own money the constable provided for their immediate wants, and at once communicated with the relieving officer, and sent to the hospital for medicine, but the same night the woman's husband died. Till two years ago he had held a situation in the City, but after thirteen years' service had been discharged, owing to depression in the firm's business.

Superintendent Foster said he had seen the rent-book, and since 1896 the rent of 8s. 6d. per week had been regularly paid.

The Alderman: It is the deserving poor who hide their poverty.

The woman said the Borough Council of Camberwell were the cause of all their trouble. When appealed to for help, they had offered her husband work which he was quite incapable of doing in his weak health.

The Alderman discharged her from custody, giving her £3 from the poor-box, and warmly praising Constable Burcham for his solicitude for the family.

SUICIDE BY IMITATION.

Prisoner Who Hanged Himself "for Amusement" in Pentonville Gaol.

A German, named Charles Woolf, who was undergoing a month's imprisonment in Pentonville Prison, was found on Saturday dead in the special observation cell in which he had been placed in consequence of his mental condition. He was hanging from the window-peg by a handkerchief which he had tied round his neck.

Though the jury at the inquest yesterday returned a verdict of Suicide, the prison doctor said he did not believe Woolf intended to do away with himself. His theory was that, like lots of weak-minded men, the prisoner had been trying an experiment for amusement.

The witness added, referring to the fact that Donovan and Wad were executed at Pentonville last week, that men of Woolf's class were very imitative.

FRANK CONFSSION.

Ex-City Marshal Says He Has Been Insolvent "Ever Since He Can Remember."

Captain Edmund Stanley, the late City Marshal, made a number of frank confessions at the conclusion of his public examination in the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

The liabilities amounted to £6,037, and of that sum £5,955 was expected to rank. The assets were £88.

The Official Receiver: You had trouble with the Corporation?—Yes; over giving accommodation bills. They asked me to resign, and I refused.

Why?—I thought I was being dealt with severely.

Captain Stanley also said he was interested in a company to prospect for radium in a disused mine in Cornwall. He gave bills for £250, which were presented, but the company did not go further than the registration.

You have betted on the Turf?—Yes. Since I was nineteen or twenty.

You said in your statement you had been insolvent ever since you could remember?—Yes. Ever since I can remember anything.

The examination was concluded.

SLAVES OF "APPEARANCES."

"One of the great weaknesses of the present day," remarked Judge Emden, at Lambeth County Court, yesterday, "is that almost every one tries to make a greater appearance than his or her neighbour."

"My experience has convinced me that nothing causes more misery amongst certain classes than the desire to live in larger houses than they can afford to keep up."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES

The idea to provide something to eat, something to play with, and something to make a noise with for those neglected little mortals whom Santa Claus does not usually put on his visiting-list has pleased the public fancy hugely, and thousands upon thousands of pleasure-filled stockings, like the one shown on page 1, will be dispatched within the next day or two, while many are already on their way to distant applicants. The "Daily Mail," it is plain, refuses to believe that Christmas is played out, and evidently its readers are of one mind with it.

GENERAL NOGI.

The portrait on page 1 of the gallant General who has been hammering away so persistently at Port Arthur is of pathetic interest, for one cannot forget that both his sons have fallen in the war, and that it is a childless man to whom General Stoessel must finally deliver up Port Arthur.

CHRISTMAS AT SANDRINGHAM.

In so far as he can the King puts off the cares and dignities of royalty at Christmas-time, and becomes simply the squire of his model Norfolk estate. At Sandringham, which is photographed on page 1, the merry season is kept in old-fashioned style, and the King loves to make it pleasant for his fortunate tenants. It is also a great family festival, which is observed by the Royal Family as faithfully as by any of their humble countrymen.

A ROYAL GIFT.

Every year at Christmas-time the Princess of Wales presents to Mr. Kirk, of the Ragged School Union and the Children's Hospital, N.W., the toys which have delighted her own children during the past twelve months. Among the dolls which form the bulk of little Princess Victoria's contribution to the collection this year were several which showed that she rules her toy nursery with some severity. One doll had been so unfortunate as to lose an eye, and another bore evidences of a thorough bathing. Some of the mechanical toys had suffered more or less from investigations into their interior structure, for children are much the same in a royal nursery as anywhere else, and have an ineradicable desire to find out "how it's done." On page 8 some of the toys presented to Mr. Kirk this year are illustrated.

MR. TREE AS CALIBAN.

The remarkable portrait of Mr. Tree as Caliban, on page 8, is the only one taken of the popular actor in his latest creation. Mr. Tree had determined not to be photographed in the part, but at last consented to pose for this one picture. It was taken on the roof of His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Tree is always great at "make-up," having gone so far as to paint massive muscles on his legs on one occasion, but Caliban is certainly his masterpiece.

THE MASSOT TRAGEDY.

The Massot case has aroused such exceptional interest that the unique set of photographs we give on page 9 has an unusual value. Mme. Massot was married to a sea-captain, and during his frequent absences carried on an intrigue with a young man, Edouard Hubac. At last, finding the captain too much in the way, the guilty couple decided to get rid of him. He came home on October 6 last year, and before the end of the month they contrived to poison him. The crime was discovered through a servant-girl, who collected fragments of some letters which, when pieced together, formed a complete proof of the murderous conspiracy. Both the criminals escaped the death penalty, but Mme. Massot was condemned to imprisonment for life and Hubac for a term of twenty years.

THE NEW SCALA THEATRE.

The photographer happily "snapped" Lady Bancroft as she was using the golden key which was opened for the first time the Scala Theatre, as appears on page 6. The new theatre, which may possibly become the home of the much-talked-of subsidised national drama, is in every way worthy to take front rank among London playhouses. The most notable feature is the magnificent marble staircase, from which the theatre takes its name, but luxury is the keynote throughout. Above all things there is the luxury of plenty of space—the theatre becomes comfortable as well as gorgeous; a real novelty. It was particularly fitting that Lady Bancroft should perform the opening ceremony of the theatre which occupies the site of the old Prince of Wales's, where in former years she achieved her most memorable triumphs.

AN UP-TO-DATE CINDERELLA.

The glass slipper competition organised by "Golden Stories" has aroused such general notice that the portrait, on page 9, of Miss Maggie Rimmer, a charming Cinderella, who has not only been able to put on one of the dainty slippers, but can wear it with absolute ease, needs no apology. Miss Rimmer must be congratulated equally on her small feet and on her good fortune. The prize offered is £500, and it seems she will be one of the lucky winners.

HANDSOME PRISONER.

Women's Sympathy for Author of Surbiton Outrage.

The exciting story of the fateful drawing-room interview at Surbiton last week, when Mr. Louis Nathan Levene, a money-lender, was dangerously shot in the groin, was further elaborated before the Kingston county magistrates yesterday.

The man in custody on the charge of attempting to murder Mr. Levene is James Neldred Jays, thirty-three, grocer, of Quarry-street, Guildford.

The prisoner, who is of gentlemanly appearance, is a singularly handsome man—tall, with regular features, carefully-brushed black hair, a bushy brown moustache, and a pair of grey, deep-set, sympathetic eyes. He has, however, a bad foot.

A white-haired gentleman, Mr. Richard Rousier Palmer, insurance broker, of Kingston, said that he called at Fernside, Clarendon-road, Surbiton, to see Mr. Levene on Monday evening, the 12th inst.

"I had been waiting in the dining-room about twenty minutes," he remarked, "when I heard the noise of a scuffle and broken glass, as if someone was trying to escape."

"I rushed into the adjoining room, and found Mr. Levene on the floor. His wife was endeavouring to pick him up."

Mr. Palmer carried Mr. Levene into the dining-room and placed him in an easy-chair. "I am seated; I am bleeding to death; for God's sake, fetch a doctor immediately," the injured man cried.

When Mr. Palmer first saw Jays, the latter, he said, covered him with a revolver. Afterwards the man left the house, but was arrested later.

Inspector Brice informed the magistrates that Mr. Levene was not so well, and another specialist had been summoned from London.

The prisoner was again remanded. A large crowd awaited his departure from the court in a cab, and a group of well-dressed women sympathetically waved their hands to him.

PHEBE'S SENTENCE.

Signatures to the Petition for Clemency Can Now Be Received.

The petition for the reduction of the sentence of seven years' penal servitude passed by Mr. Justice Bigham upon poor Phebe Turner is now ready for signature in Sevenoaks and the district.

It has been prepared by Mr. Lewis Gregory, solicitor, of Bromley, who had in hand the case for the defence, and any inquiries concerning it on behalf of local residents will be at once answered by him or Mr. C. T. Cook, of the Constitutional Club, Sevenoaks, or on application at the *Daily Mirror* office.

A number of influential signatures have already been promised.

"A ROTTEN SYNDICATE."

Club with £7 Subscribed Capital and Liabilities Amounting to £11,000.

"I think this is a rotten syndicate, and that I ought to wind it up," said Mr. Justice Warrington, yesterday, referring to the Grafton Syndicate, Ltd., the proprietors of the Atlantic Club.

The subscribed capital of the club, it was said, was £7, and the liabilities £11,000 or £12,000. Several thousand shares had been issued as fully paid-up, with no contract or anything of the kind.

The St. James's Laundry Company were the petitioners for the compulsory winding-up of the company, while Club Limited, the landlords of the syndicate and creditors for over £1,700, and the solicitors, creditors for £250, opposed the petition.

"I have heard quite sufficient for my purpose," remarked the Judge; "a judgment debt unsatisfied, allegations of assets, and the only evidence against the petition given by a director."

The syndicate was therefore wound up.

MURDERER'S BEQUEST.

For the murder of his father-in-law, John Dalby, at York, last July, a labourer named Edmund Hall was executed at Leeds yesterday.

Before going to the scaffold, Hall asked that a New Testament, which had been given him in prison, should be handed to one of his cousins as a loving bequest.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

THE AMERICAN MME. HUMBERT.

How a Divorce Followed a Day
After Marriage.

AS A CLAIRVOYANTE.

In Monday's "Daily Mirror" we published the first instalment of the life story of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, the beautiful American adventuress, who by her beauty and strangely-fascinating personality has induced American financiers and bankers to advance her nearly £1,000,000 upon forged and worthless names she has used Andrew Carnegie's, and upon the signature of one of the most famous millionaires has borrowed £150,000. She now lies imprisoned at Cleveland, Ohio, awaiting her trial.

On Monday we told of the childhood of this amazing woman and of the precocity which led to her arrest at the age of sixteen. Yesterday her life story was continued to the age of twenty-two, when, after a remarkable series of misdoings at Woodstock, Ontario, she became engaged to a young doctor, who was infatuated with her.

On the eve of her marriage payment of all her extravagant bills was demanded.

CHAPTER III.—The Adventuress.

The marriage took place. The girl had told her creditors they would be paid in full.

"Only I must have absolute silence," she told them.

But a startling event followed hard upon the wedding. Strange stories had gone around Woodstock of other and greater debts contracted in the district by Miss Bigley in her husband's name. The new home and furniture, with all its Eastern luxuries, and prepared for the beautiful young bride with such thought and care, was seized by the creditors.

The young doctor was aghast. "Your debts amount to 40,000 dollars," he said. "I cannot pay them." The girl laughed scornfully.

"What was the use of my marrying you, then?" she demanded angrily. "I shall leave you at once."

The marriage was annulled by divorce twenty-four hours after it had taken place.

"I am going away," she told her mother, "and I am going to change my name. You will next hear of me as 'Lydia de Vere.'"

Canada was to know Lydie Bigley no more. The train which was bearing her to the United States became the curtain of her past life. As Lydie Bigley, the most beautiful and notorious girl in the town—she left Woodstock; as Lydia de Vere, the young widow of an Englishman, she made her appearance in Toledo, Ohio, two years later. She disappeared during the interim, and it is supposed that in some quiet village upon the borders of Canada she perfected herself in those arts of fascination which resulted in her making slaves and tools of some of the shrewdest financiers.

One morning there drove up to one of the principal hotels of Toledo a carriage containing a very beautiful young woman and her maid. She was magnificently dressed, but wore black.

She sent for the bureau clerk. "My name is De Vere," she said, "Mrs. Lydia de Vere. My husband recently died in New York, and I wish to live very quietly for a time. Have you a suite of apartments for myself and my maid?"

"Certainly, madame," replied the hotel clerk, and, because her refinement and elegance so impressed him, showed her the most expensive suite of rooms in the house.

Her hotel bills were promptly paid each week. She lived on a scale of quiet magnificence. A little later she was to be seen driving through the streets in a smart little automobile. She visited the best shops and spent money lavishly.

For months Lydia de Vere was known by none save the hotel officials. Then one morning she sent for the manager.

"I have," she said, "some securities coming from New York. Can you tell me of a lawyer with whom I can negotiate them?"

The hotel manager told her of a prominent Toledo lawyer. The next day she drove down to his office.

"I shall shortly have some matters of business to discuss with you," she said to the keen-eyed American lawyer in her low, sweet voice, "in connection with the estate of my late husband. Will you undertake them?"

"I shall be delighted, madame," he said. For a while the beautiful woman talked, and finally had suggested that she was lonely and would be glad to have some friends in Toledo.

The next day the lawyer's wife called at the hotel and Mrs. de Vere was invited to attend a social reception. By degrees the beautiful widow had found a place for herself in the society of the town.

Toledo was astounded to learn one day that Mrs. de Vere had taken a quiet little house, and would henceforth practise as a professional clairvoyante.

"My money has been cleared up," she declared plaintively, "and I am told I have the gift of clairvoyance and second sight."

(Continued on page 11.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

Swansea has by 10,005 votes to 3,119 declined Mr. Carnegie's proffered gift of £250,000 for free libraries.

At a meeting of the Westminster City Council, to-morrow, Captain Jessel, M.P., ex-Mayor, will be presented with an address and his portrait in oils, subscribed for by the council.

ACTIVE CENTENARIAN DEAD.

The oldest inhabitant in the Sherwood Forest district has just died at Clifton, near Edwinstowe, in the person of Robert Richards, who was within a month of attaining his 101st year.

In spite of his great age, Richards was at work in his garden last spring.

PERILS OF PEACEMAKING.

Peacemaking between man and wife does not always bring its own reward.

Mary Ann Farrell, of Stockport, is now lying in the infirmary with a broken leg which she alleges was the result of a kick on Sunday from a husband whom she was trying to reconcile with his wife.

WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED.

Lord Roberts yesterday unveiled a memorial to the Staff College officers killed in the South African war, or who died from wounds or sickness in it. The memorial, consisting of a marble panel in the grand entrance, bears the names of twenty-seven officers who lost their lives.

GREENOCK'S OLDEST INHABITANT DEAD.

Mr. Thomas C. Orr, Greenock's oldest inhabitant, died yesterday morning at the age of ninety-four.

He retired from business as a boat-builder only a few years ago, and was well known in yachting and boating circles in the west of Scotland.

DUBLIN'S LORD MAYOR'S SALARY.

Dublin's Lord Mayor finds it difficult to keep up the reputation and hospitality of his office on his present salary of £1,687.

It has been sought to restore this personal allowance to the £3,687 once enjoyed by his predecessors, but a £137 corporation has negated the motion by forty-nine votes to fourteen.

STATIONMASTER ON THE GRAMPIANS.

Mr. Alexander Fraser, stationmaster at Dalnaspical, on the Highland Railway, who retires to-day, has been nearly half a century in the company's service.

He has been at Dalnaspical, which is 1,500ft. above sea-level, for forty years, having been appointed when the line was laid over the Grampians.

OFFER TO BUY A FLEET.

With regard to the rumours of the purchase of the Royal Mail Steamship Company, it has been admitted by Sir Alfred Jones that he made what he thought to be a generous offer for all their fleet on behalf of Elder, Dempster, and Company. As, however, the offer has been declined, he sees no object in disclosing exactly the amount of his terms.

THE KING'S CHRISTMAS DOLES.

Recommended by the clergy of selected parishes throughout the dioceses of England and Wales, over a thousand aged, disabled, and meritorious persons have been recipients of the King's Christmas doles.

Known as the "Minor Bounty" and the "Royal Gate" alms, these are, in accordance with ancient usage, distributed from the Royal Almsbox in Craig's-court, Charing Cross.

JAMAICA ORANGES FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Imperial Direct West Indian Mail Service Company's, Limited, liner Port Kingston has just arrived at Avonmouth from the West Indies, three days before time, six days quicker than the journey has been previously done.

The vessel brought 10,000 cases of Jamaica oranges for Christmas, making a new development in the fruit trade between the West Indies and this country.

NEW ART SCHOOL AT BUSHEY.

For a time, at least, the Herkimer Art School at Bushey will continue its original purpose.

When offered by auction it was purchased by a large property holder in the neighbourhood, who was anxious the charm of the place and its surroundings should remain intact.

It has now been leased to Miss Lucy Kemp Welch, whose pictures of horses are well known, and who will open a school of animal painting in the old buildings.

CHAMPION COLLIER CAPTAIN.

The day of the sailing collier is not yet done, although steam has displaced so many of the bluff-bowed, picturesque craft that used to plough their way up and down the North Sea.

The barquentine Albatross has reached Hartlepool from Lowestoft, covering the 200 miles in just twenty hours—a fine piece of sailing.

Captain Henry Parry, master of the Albatross, broke all east coast sailing records a short time ago when, in command of the Celerity, belonging to the same owners, he made the trip between Lowestoft and Hartlepool in eighteen hours.

The Duke of Connaught and Lord Methuen inspected the cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich yesterday.

That chloroform lozenges are very dangerous to children with bronchitis should be widely known, says Coroner Troutbeck.

Able-Seaman Barker, who was injured in the bunker explosion on board H.M.S. Majestic last week, died at Haslar yesterday.

Major Vane Stow, the hon. secretary of the National Artillery Association, has resigned, and Major E. T. Lea has been elected his successor.

"WHISTLERS" IN REQUEST.

Good prices were realised at Christie's yesterday for Whistler engravings. A "Nocturne Palace" fetched 110 guineas; "The Bridge," 9s; "The Pierrot," 80s; "The Dyer," 70s; and "The Balcony," 66s.

GARDENING FOR PAUPERS.

The Strand Guardians have decided to acquire fifty acres of land in order to teach able-bodied paupers market-gardening. The workhouse will also be taught agriculture.

DEADLY FLANNELETTE.

Commenting on two Manchester burning fatalities, the coroner remarked that it was extraordinary that, though mothers knew flannelette was dangerous, they continued to buy it.

A juror thought the sale of the material ought to be stopped by law.

BAGPIPES FOR LADIES.

Included in the curriculum of a young ladies' academy in Scotland is an entirely new "extra."

Playing the bagpipes is held up as an accomplishment which has already enabled one pupil to collect forty gold and silver medals, two silver cups, and other valuable articles.

HOMELESS EMBROIDERER MISSING.

Frank Humm, the homeless and friendless embroiderer prevented by a spinal complaint from carrying on his work, who was discharged by the Westminster magistrate more than a week ago after travelling ticketless from Havant to London, has mysteriously disappeared.

Exhaustive inquiries at lodgings-houses and public institutions have been quite unavailing.

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR TOM ALL-ALONES.

The West London Mission are mindful of the fact that there are a large number of young men in business who are unable to leave London for home on Christmas Day.

They have arranged to provide a bright, seasonable dinner for them at the Craven Hall, Regent-street, and suitable musical entertainment will also be provided.

COMPLICATED RAILWAY SIGNALS.

Major Pringle, in his report on the collision at St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, on September 17, when nineteen passengers were injured, condemns the complicated signalling arrangements in use.

He also, while accepting the explanation of the driver as exonerating him from disregarding signals, considers that blame must attach to him for want of caution and alertness.

CIVIC TOBACCO-BOX.

The safe under the staircase at the basement of Caxton Hall, where the City of Westminster's famous and valuable municipal tobacco-box is kept, proves to be damp.

It has, therefore, been decided to set aside a portion of the civic strong-room for the reception of the box, which, with all its associations, and the additions made to it by various benefactors, possesses much historic interest.

QUAKER WEDDING.

At the Friends' Meeting House, Westminster, yesterday, Miss Alice Mary Rowntree, daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Rowntree, of cocoa fame, was married to Mr. Alfred Oppenheim.

The bride and bridegroom, with the best man and Mr. Rowntree, who gave his sister away, sat on four chairs facing the congregation of a dozen. After making the declarations, they signed the contract, after it had been read over by a Quaker official.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN.

In the annual report of Spitalfields Parish the rector, the Rev. W. H. Davies, draws attention to the manner in which English is spoken, or, rather, written, by some of his parishioners.

One writer says: "Dear sir—I have pologie myself by asking you as a foder as you have been doing up till now."

Here is another: "Kind sir—Mrs. Blank writes to ask the revdy. Davies if he would take her as a member of his Xmas goose club, as she has a family of her husband, a labourer, and not much chance to get such a luxusity as a goose for a Xmas dinner."

A forbidding, ill-clad man came to the parish room for help. He had a "recommendation": "Sier—I have know this man nery 3 years, and I have not seen him any drefrent to Wat he is now."

COLLIER'S VISION.

Sees the Spirit of His Mother and
Hears Her Voice.

WELSH REVIVAL STORY.

"A figure robed in snow-white garments suddenly appeared to me from the midst of a gorgeous rainbow set in a golden sky. I recognised it as that of my mother, who, long since, had left this earth."

So began the account of an extraordinary vision experienced by one who had recently been converted at one of the Welsh revival meetings.

"A few nights ago," he continued, "I confessed faith in a crowded meeting."

I gazed, as the midst appeared a brilliant rainbow which flashed back the lights of the gem-studded heaven behind.

"Then, gradually out of the darkness grew a rose-red sky, seamed with deep bands of gold, and set with glittering jewels. Little by little the rose-flesh extended till the whole horizon was a mass of glorious light. In the midst appeared a brilliant rainbow which flashed back the lights of the gem-studded heaven behind."

"Slowly there took shape from the colours of the bow the figure of a woman, clothed in ethereal robes of snowy whiteness. Her head was turned from me so that I could not see her face. While I gazed, a choir of silver-tongued voices rose in chants of praise."

"Spellbound I listened till the figure slowly turned its head, when, lo! it was my mother as I remembered her at her death many years before. Then her silver voice, like and yet unlike what it was on earth, began to speak."

"My son," it said, "day and night I have never ceased to pray that thou shouldst find peace at the last. To-day my prayer has been answered. May Heaven bless thee and help thee to persevere. Be assured we shall meet again."

"The vision faded, and when I came to myself the vast congregation were still singing hymns of praise. The whole thing could only have lasted a moment."

PAPER-BOY'S LEGACY.

Fears That George Lovell May Inherit £400
Instead of £8,000.

Consideration of the case of the little workhouse boy, Lovell, the heir from South Africa, was further adjourned yesterday by the Chelmsford Board of Guardians.

His mother still thinks that he is to come into a fortune of £8,000, but the board of guardians reserve their decision until the full inquiries, now in progress, are completed.

Meanwhile, the boy remains in the workhouse. As far as can be ascertained at present, the £8,000 seems to have vanished. The boy's father is stated to have once had that sum, but he lost it. When he returned from South Africa he invested it in a public-house in Bermondsey, but his affairs did not prosper.

The Lovells are an old and respected Northamptonshire family, but all the lad will inherit, it seems, is three cottages and some meadow land in the county, to the value of about £400.

LONDON TRAFFIC TROUBLES.

Lessons for the Metropolitan Drawn from New
York Rapid Transit.

Some useful lessons for London have been gathered by Mr. J. Allen Baker, chairman of the Highways Committee of the London County Council, who was deputed to make an inspection of the Rapid Transit Subway of New York.

In an exhaustive illustrated report, Mr. Baker concludes that the statesmanlike and able way in which the New York Transit Board have sought a solution of the street traffic problem, is suggestive of what should be undertaken for London.

The New Yorkers have the most up-to-date and perfect system of surface street railways and rapid transit subway electric lines in the world.

The real solution, he is persuaded, for London's traffic troubles is to be found in the further electrification and extension of the L.C.C. tramways, and in the construction of further subways under some of the streets in the more central parts to make east and west, as well as north and south, connections.

Mr. Baker hopes that powers to construct lines over Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges may be obtained in the next session of Parliament.

VETERAN POACHER'S FINE.

Even the most "persistent poacher" might be expected to moderate his ardour at the age of seventy-five.

But Mathias Frankland, who claims these patriarchal years, has been sentenced by the Bolton-by-Bowland Bench to pay a fine of £15 and costs for taking salmon and trout and setting snares for rabbits all on the same day.

As this worthy gave the local workhouse as his address it may be presumed he will have a difficulty in finding the amount of the fine which will decide whether he spends Christmas as a guest of the ratepayers or the county.

(For City Intelligence see page 14.)

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
 Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
 2, CARMELITE-STREET,
 LONDON, E.C.
 TELEPHONES: 1316 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1904.

"HOUSE FULL."

WE quite agree with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that the alien question ought not to be made a Party question. At the same time, there are several points on which agreement has yet to be reached before the Liberal leaders come into line with the views held by the mass of the nation.

The Liberal position seems to be this: "Stop diseased aliens coming in. Stop immoral aliens, if you can prove them to be immoral. Turn them out after they have been convicted of crime. But do nothing that will prevent this country from continuing to be a refuge for distressed aliens who are uncomfortable at home. England has always opened her arms to victims of misrule or prejudice. She must do so still, or her reputation will be ruined."

Now this puts the matter upon an entirely wrong basis. It is not merely diseased and immoral foreigners we want to discourage. Indeed, they are, on the whole, less of a hindrance to us than the moral and the healthy aliens who take work out of British hands and live in houses which ought to be inhabited by our own folk.

There is no reason whatever why we should not put up "House Full" notices now that we find our country becoming inconveniently crowded. The Liberal leaders should remember that charity begins at home. It is very nice of them to sympathise with the poor alien. But what about the poor British working man?

Besides, there is a good deal of humbug in all this talk about keeping our gates open to the oppressed of all nationalities. As a rule, when people are oppressed they are not very desirable companions. Even if they were, there is no reason why British politicians should insist upon their poorer fellow-countrymen being crowded out and made poorer still by them.

What would Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman say if he found a group of Russian Poles encamped upon his doorstep in Grosvenor-place? Would he stop to inquire whether they were persons of estimable character, free from disease? No; he would quite rightly send for the police. He would say they might be paragons of virtue and have suffered bitter injustice, but there was no room for them on his premises.

That is what we say. The country is quite full enough already. Britons must have the first claim upon British soil. We do not want to be unsympathetic, but we have NO ROOM TO SPARE.

TAKEN AS SAID.

When the New Zealander sits on London Bridge contemplating the ruins of what was once the greatest city in the world, one prominent object which may meet his eye will be a broken statue of Mr. Carl Hentschel.

Upon the pedestal he may still be able to read the following inscription:—

ERECTED
 BY HIS GRATEFUL FELLOWMEN
 TO THE GREATEST REFORMER
 OF HIS TIME.

HE ABOLISHED AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

Just think of it! No more of the "er-er-er" of which the Americans say Englishmen's speeches chiefly consist. No more stale platitudes. No more painful perorations. What a vision of peace and good will for this Christmas season!

Alas! we may be looking into the future with too hopeful an eye. The innovation Mr. Hentschel has just introduced at a City dinner—having the speeches printed and handed to the guests instead of delivered—may meet the fate of many another reform upon which suffering mankind have set their wistful gaze. But if it should go on and prosper until after-dinner speeches are things of the past, a statue is the very least that we can do to show our gratitude.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Happiness comes and goes like the pendulum of a clock.—*Maeterlinck.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE increased indisposition of Princess Louise, which has just prevented her from attending one of her innumerable meetings at Glasgow, was a cause of great disappointment to everybody there. At Glasgow the Duchess of Argyll's presence is regarded as absolutely necessary at any public function. That is, no doubt, because she makes everyone feel at home, and will not be ceremoniously treated as a royalty. She once said to a friend who was driving out with her, "I do not wish to be treated as a Princess, let me drive with you just as one of your friends." And the remark illustrates her constant anxiety to live as a private person.

At home, and in private, the Princess is equally unaffected. She looks after all her household affairs herself in the morning, orders the dinner from the cook, and presides as carver at the head of the table. She is not by any means a housewife.

Lord Camoys, who comes of age next month, has just come home for Christmas from the Continent, where he has been studying for the diplomatic service. He spends most of his holidays at the family place, Stonor, Henley-on-Thames, where he goes in for shooting. Lord Camoys comes of a well-known shooting family. His uncle, it is said, standing on one spot, once shot no fewer than a hundred and ninety-five rabbits, and it looks as though the nephew might do equally wonderful things.

In one respect at least Lord Camoys has been very fortunate. He has had an absolutely devoted mother. Since her husband's death in 1897, Lady Camoys has devoted herself entirely to the education of her four sons. She believes in a system of her own for the training of children; it consists mainly in an open-air regime and well-ventilated rooms. Her children have been very happy at Stonor, where they delight in sport of all kinds.

For Mr. Justice Wills, the most decorous and punctilious of our Judges, to be late in court is an event of considerable importance in the legal world. It was the fog that made him late, nothing more. Ill-health never keeps him from his duties. Although he has passed the age at which he is entitled to retire with a good pension he is still hearty and strong. A year or two ago it was said that weakness would soon force him to give up work. He replied to the unfounded statement by leaving his seat at the Huntingdon Assizes one day and walking all the way to Cambridge, where he had more duties to perform—a distance of well over twenty miles.

TWO MEN OF THE HOUR.

Lord Burnham and His Son.

LORD BURNHAM, proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph," is the King's host to-day. His son, the Hon. H. L. W. Lawson, opens his campaign to-morrow as Unionist Candidate for Mile End.

This is not by any means the first time King Edward has visited Hall Barn, near Beaconsfield. Lord Burnham has been honoured by the royal friendship for many years. It is no wonder he should be a popular host, for no one knows better how to entertain.

He is a man who has known the bitter taste of sorrow as well as the savour of the joys and triumphs of life, and the blows of Fate have left their mark upon him, for he is a man of deep feeling. But he is not in the least embittered. A kinder-hearted man, with a keener wish to make everyone around him happy, does not exist.

He is naturally proud of the "Daily Telegraph," which owes much of its great success to him, and still plays a leading part in its magnificent offices in Fleet-street. Especially is he in his element when some "Daily Telegraph" Fund is pouring in.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Whether he is collecting money for charity on this huge scale, or falling out ice-cream to school-children (as he did last year at a "treat" in his grounds), he is always happiest when he is making others happy.

The best recommendation Mr. Harry Lawson ever had was from Canon Barnett. When he was standing for the London County Council, the popular warden of Toynbee Hall wrote to the election committee this characteristic letter:—

"I know Lawson. He built some Whitechapel dwellings for us. He took a first at Oxford. He speaks well, but is very rich. He is above reproach."

Add to this that Mr. Lawson has the same friendly, genial expression as his father; that he has travelled much, and given much time and thought to public questions; that he is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Langtry (being married to a sister of Mr. Gerald de Bathe), and you have pretty well summed up his career.

He used to be a Liberal, but, after thinking a good deal, he decided two years ago that his opinions had changed and that he ought to become a Unionist. That in itself is a tribute to his sincerity and mental powers. Most politicians never think at all.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

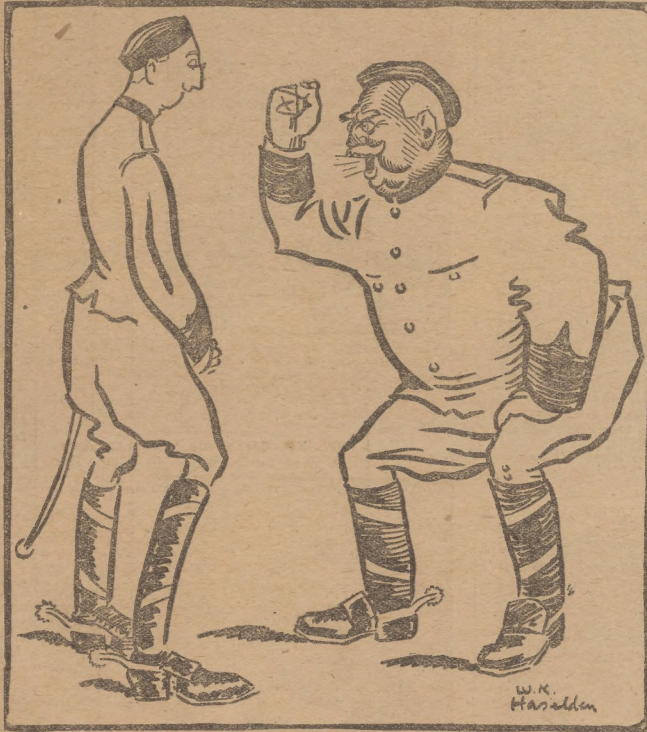
DECEMBER 21.—To-day is winter's official birthday. In reality winter commenced towards the end of last month, robbing us of summer and autumn flowers, which often linger on up to Christmas.

Sweetly the Christmas roses are beginning to bloom; in most gardens these are the only flowers to pick now.

In spite of frost and snow many bulbs show above ground. Buds are discernible on several brave snowdrops. But one peep into this dark world is enough for the crocuses and daffodils; wisely they decide to wait for the warm February sunshine before preparing to romp through the gateways of spring.

E. F. T.

LOOKING AFTER HIS SUBORDINATE'S TEMPER!



[Officers commanding regiments have been instructed to note among their subordinates such defects as shortness of temper or weakness of character likely to harm them in their career. If they are not amended after warning, the defects are to be mentioned in the regimental reports.—NEW ARMY ORDER.]

THE COLONEL: Confound you, sir, your infernal short temper is getting worse every day. If you don't improve, I'll blank well report you, blank me if I don't.

only, though. The prettiest and cleverest of Queen Victoria's daughters, she is an artist and a sculptor of great enthusiasm. She also spends much time out of doors, riding about on her bicycle. Everyone must hope she will soon be quite well again after her trouble of the last few months.

Lovers of music, and therefore of Mme. Melba, will be sorry to hear that an attack of bronchitis has compelled her to cancel her tour in America. The great singer is always rather liable to fall a victim to illness while she is on tour, for she does not at all like the worry and fatigue of travelling. She always takes either her sister or her brother on tour with her, and looks forward all the time to getting back to England. "I like London better than any other city in the world," she often says. No wonder; for here she has a sumptuously-furnished house in Great Cumberland-place, a lovely little retreat at Marlow, near London, and countless friends and admirers.

Mme. Melba has perhaps had her most astonishing triumphs out of England, however. Once, at St. Petersburg, she was called and re-called before the curtain for exactly one hour and a-half! That came to her when she was already famous. More gratifying were the early compliments paid her. None pleased her more than that of her famous teacher, Mme. Marchesi. When she sang first, as a young girl, before her Marchesi listened in raptures for a moment, and then rushed out of the room, calling to her husband "Salvatore! Come quickly—at last I have got a genuine 'star'!"

especially in tobogganing. Lady Camoys' second son, Maurice, had a serious accident in this way once; his eye was almost cut out by a fall. But skilful doctoring managed a perfect cure.

Major Evans-Gordon, M.P., who has just been explaining that the majority of aliens who arrive in London do not go on somewhere else, is one of the few politicians who know the East End thoroughly. When he decided to represent Stepney in Parliament he did not content himself with driving down there in a brougham and telling the people that they were wronged, and that he was the man to right them. He hired a house on Stepney Green and lived amongst them. It was this house which was entered and ransacked by burglars last September. If Stepney thieves were ever grateful they would have spared Major Evans-Gordon's residence.

Major Evans-Gordon is valiantly assisted in his often very unpleasant work by his wife, Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale (a sister of Lady Jeanie). Lady Tweeddale was the first serious lady canvasser. She raised a band of lady workers, and led it in the interests of the Unionist candidates at the last election. She has made herself very popular in the East End. In the West she lives in a delightfully-furnished house on the Chelsea Embankment. She has adorned it with trophies of her husband's career as Political Agent in India, and it is full of pets. Lady Tweeddale is devoted to animals, and her boudoir is like an aviary of exotic birds.

TO-DAY is the time to secure your copy of the "Daily Mail" Year Book for 1905. It is filled with facts that you will be wondering about—unless you have it.

Price 1/6, at all Booksellers and Railway Bookstalls.

A DAYS DOINGS PICTURED.

ROYAL CHILDREN'S TOYS FOR THE POOR.



The toys belonging to the children of the Princess of Wales, which have been sent to the Great Northern Central Hospital and the Ragged School Union, so that the poor children in these institutions may enjoy a happier Christmas.

CHRISTMAS GRAPES.



Cutting down bunches of grapes in a Worthing vine-house for dispatch to Covent Garden Market for Christmas. Many tons of grapes are supplied from this Sussex vinery every Yuletide.

FOR LONDON'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.



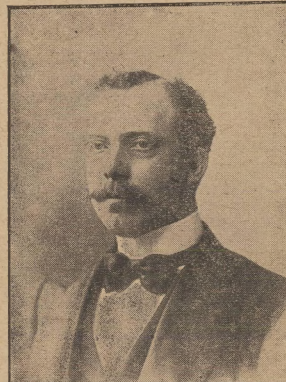
A drove of turkeys on a Norfolk farm. This photograph shows the turkeys being driven to the plucking-house, where they are killed and prepared for the London market.

THE NEW COLISEUM.



The Coliseum, the magnificent new home of amusement in St. Martin's-lane, which was to have been opened last Monday. An army of workmen have been engaged day and night on the work of completing the building.

COLISEUM'S RULER.



Mr. Oswald Stoll, who will rule over the new Coliseum. Mr. Stoll only recently took over the managing directorship of the Moss Empires, in addition to a large number of other places of amusement he already controls.

UNIQUE PORTRAIT OF MR. TREE



Mr. Tree had fully made up his mind not to be photographed as Caliban, in "The Tempest," but the editor of "Actor Illustrated" got a portrait, and this photograph is given away with the first number.

LADY BANCROFT OPENING LA SC



Lady Bancroft is here seen opening the grand new playhouse with a sword on the site of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, where for fifteen years she has been a popular London and made both name and fortune.—(Copy)



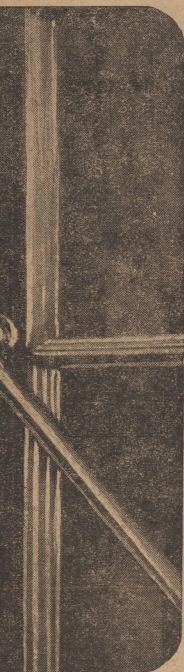
"MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.

CALIBAN.



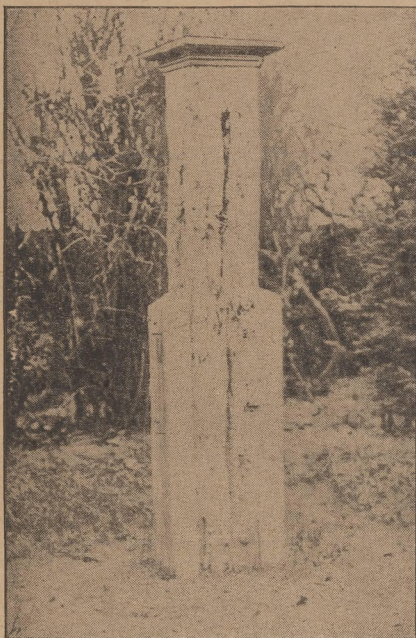
Wonderful "make-up" as historic value of such "Actor Illustrated."

THEATRE.



ey. This theatre is built on crofts drew all fashion- ily Mirror.)

NEWMARKET'S "RED POST."



The ancient "Red Post," one of the most famous landmarks for racing men, which stood on the Heath at Newmarket since about 1710, and was recently removed by the Jockey Club. It is now in Mr. F. Leach's garden.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.



Miss Maggie Rimmer, who has not only succeeded in putting on the golden slipper in connection with the £500 offered by "Golden Stories," but walked about with it on in comfort.

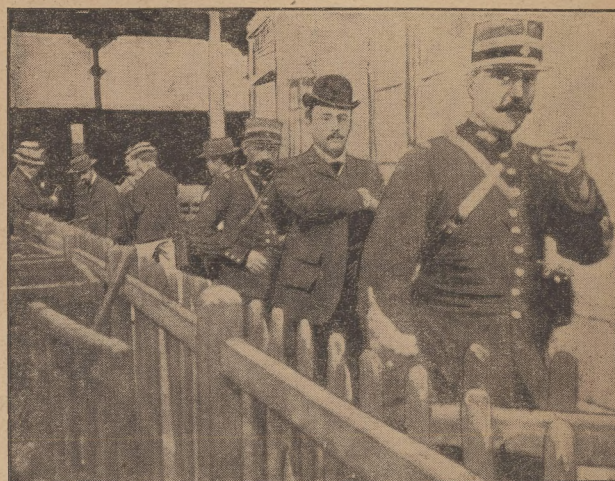
THE FRENCH "MAYBRICK" TRIAL.



Mme. Massot, who has been sentenced at Marseilles to imprisonment for life for poisoning her husband, Captain Massot. Mme. Massot is seen in the above photograph at Aix-en-Provence Railway Station, being escorted by gendarmes to prison.



The first photograph is of Mme. Massot, and the second shows Captain Massot, her husband, whom she poisoned. The photograph of Mme. Massot was taken in the streets of Marseilles shortly after the death of her husband.



M. Edouard Hubac, who has just been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at Marseilles for conspiring with Mme. Alice Massot to poison her husband. Hubac is seen in this photograph arriving at the railway station at Aix-en-Provence, on his way to prison.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 5.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,
Author of "Mr. Smith of England,"

POINTS FOR NEW READERS.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.
LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his wife.
Mr. BRASSER, a millionaire. During his absence, on an exploring expedition, his death was announced, and the will proved by Skerrett, his late secretary. He suddenly reappeared, and visited Deverill.
RICHARD DEVERILL, a distant cousin, who received a legacy under Brasser's will. In love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.
GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Committed.

The death of Brasser created a profound sensation throughout the country. The murder had those sensational qualities which, in any event, would have attracted great attention; but when it became known that he was supposed to have been dead and buried two months before, his party had actually been appropriated, that a tombstone bearing his name stood in a marble mason's yard in Euston-road, that the stone had been photographed with an improvised background which gave the impression that it stood in a churchyard, public attention was riveted on the case.

At the inquest, which was held two days later, much evidence merely formal, and much which was new and pertinent, was presented.

Two men who had been friends of the dead man gave the usual evidence as to his identity.

Among the witnesses who were called was the man who, with the exception of the murderer, so far as was known, had last seen Brasser alive. This witness was a young policeman from Euston Knogle, named Richard Deverill. The substance of his evidence was as follows.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the night before, he said, proceeding in the ordinary way along his beat, he had come upon what he had thought at first to be a deserted motor-car. He had assumed, as the lamps were burning brilliantly, that some slight accident had occurred, and that the occupants were searching for some cottage in the neighbourhood. He found, however, upon approaching more closely, that a man was lying flat on his back in the road underneath the car, to which he was attempting to make some repairs, with the accompaniment of much muttered profanity. This man had "equipped himself with an uncomfortable position on hearing the constable speak, and proved to be the man who was subsequently shot. "The man," he said, "was in a shocking bad temper, and poured out abuse alternately upon the motor-car and upon Mr. Richard Deverill. He quoted verbatim such of these expressions as he could recall, and they evinced such ferocity of anger that a smile crept over the faces of a few of the crowd at the inquest.

The witness said that he had never seen a man before in such a fury of temper. Witness did everything he could to render assistance. The man told him that a pipe had sprung a leak, which could not be repaired, and that he might manage to get on to some town if he could get a foot or two of rubber hose. The constable, with some reluctance, admitted that he had transformed himself into an amateur burglar. Mr. Brasser (the deceased) had given him a sovereign, which he had duly carried a couple of hundred yards down the road to the cottage of Job Wills. He knew Wills and his place well. As there was no sign that anybody in the house was awake he had gone to a shed in the yard, had cut off a length of the hose, which he knew was kept there, had deposited the sovereign on the top of the coil, and had returned with his plunder to the house.

As he went out of Job Wills's gate he heard the distant clock in the church at Euston Knogle striking eleven.

Mr. Brasser, he continued, was a little over the hour in completing his rough repairs. The clock struck midnight a couple of minutes before he was able to proceed on his journey. He must have been there altogether quite an hour and a half, if not more. He had already been tinkering for thirty minutes, he told the constable.

"He seemed like a man fairly off his head," said the policeman, in response to a question from the corner, "and I watched him for a few moments, and then he got into the car was this? You will have a warrant before long to serve on that scoundrel, Deverill." He didn't seem to care what he said at all.

The car, according to the constable, had gone off very slowly, and had not seemed to be "working right." He had watched it for a few moments, and then he had turned and resumed his beat. He had not gone very far when he heard the sound like a shot, very faint and far off. He could not tell from what direction it had come. He had listened for a little time, but as the sound was not repeated he had taken up his walk again. It might have been a slight explosion from the motor-car or the casual shot of some distant poacher.

The motor was found the next morning, he said, at just about such a distance as accounted for the faint report which he had heard. He now took it as a matter of course that the noise which had come to his ears was the sound of the gun with which the murder had been committed. The distance that intervened was something over half a mile.

In response to a question from the jury, he gave it as his opinion that the place in which the car was found was within something under two miles of Mr. Deverill's house.

Among the other witnesses was a mechanic from the works at which the car was built. He gave it as his opinion, after studying all the circumstances of the case, that the car had been in motion when the shot was fired, though probably proceeding very slowly. Mr. Brasser had fallen forward on the steering wheel in such a way that he did not turn it in the slightest degree. His (witness's) theory was that the left hand had fallen on the lever, which had quickly turned off the power, and that the car had been brought to a standstill within a very few yards. The position of the car near the hedge on the wrong side of the road corroborated this view.

Asked by a juror as to whether the machine might have been tampered with by anybody in such a way as intentionally to have produced the accident, the mechanic hesitated before he replied. Then he gave a qualified affirmative to the suggestion. This evidence really carried little weight, because it was apparent that the witness was struggling between a desire to be loyal to the machine and his employers who had turned it out, and his wish not to throw unmerited suspicion upon anybody. From the nature of the break in the pipe, he thought that it was within the bounds of possibility that the machinery might have been tampered with; but he was constrained to admit there were a hundred easier ways of maiming a machine.

A doctor was the next witness. His evidence divested of technicalities was to the effect that the deceased had met with his death through the penetration of pellets of bird-shot to the brain.

It was clear from his evidence, and that subsequently given by a gun-maker, that the shot was fired from just such a distance away as would justify the conclusion that the murderer had been hidden behind the hedge.

The hedge, it appeared, was a tangled mass of blackberry and hawthorn, still retaining the larger portion of its leaves. Even in the daytime it would have formed an efficient shield. At night it looked as solid as a brick wall. A path ran inside this hedge, but the ground was dry and hard, and the witness was not so sure that in this exposed field no foot marks had been left. A constable who had examined the field within two hours reported that here and there the disappearing time had evidently been brushed from the grass at the edge of the path by the foot of a passer-by. He found also some broken branches at one place in the hedge, and he was not sure where the car had stopped, and a bunch of hawthorn berries was crushed as though it had been grasped. This evidence appeared to confirm the theory of the mechanic that the car had been in motion when the shot had been fired.

Rumours had, of course, been flying about and all the evidence tended to confirm the point at which they centred. Interest was at its height when the name of Richard Deverill was called. Most people suspected him already, and he was well aware of it. He was, however, perfectly calm and self-possessed, and he gave his evidence with a simple, straightforwardness which made the best possible impression upon everybody who heard it. He concealed no detail of what had happened during the visit of Brasser. The effect of his words, however, was to build up against himself a stupendous motive, and none knew this better than himself; none knew better also, though several who heard him, that what he was saying in this important case came out, if not from him, from other sources.

By the death of Brasser he was relieved once and for all of the obligation to pay twenty thousand pounds. More than that—as next-of-kin to the deceased—he came into whatever Brasser might have left. He admitted that Brasser had been a field of onyx in South America; admitted that it was quite open to him now, if he chose to compound a felony, to answer the mysterious letter which Brasser had received, and thereby come into possession of a large sum of money. He said, with perfect candour, that it was evident that if he did not take vigorous steps in pursuing Skerrett, in all probability nobody else would take it up. He admitted that it would be easy enough for him without anybody being the wiser, at some time in the future, to come to a quiet arrangement with the missing Skerrett. He said, with some indignation, however, that under no circumstances should he ever entertain such a thought. He did not know the particulars of any insurance upon Mr. Brasser's life. He inferred, however, that the policies were for a considerable amount. If they were made out in the usual way, no doubt all the money would fall to him.

Asked what had become of his man-servant, James Clark, he stated that he had not the faintest idea. He could not even guess why the man had mysteriously disappeared. Clark and his wife were the only servants whom he kept in the house. They had been with him some years, and he thought well of them both. Clark had called him, as instructed, on the morning of Brasser's death. He had not heard of the murder until nearly eleven o'clock, when a policeman called, to whom he had given every assistance in his inquiry. It was then that he had missed Clark.

The wife subsequently gave her evidence to the effect that she had been in the kitchen and had known practically nothing of what had happened when Mr. Brasser was there, and that she had no idea where her husband was, nor why he had gone away.

Her emotion and her fright were evident. She

protected her husband's innocence again and again, despite assurance that none suggested his guilt. She swore that he had come to bed at the same time as she had, shortly after ten o'clock, and that he had slept the night through by her side. She gave a confused account of reports which he had brought to her of the mysterious and angry visitor, and of the exciting scene in the dining-room.

The impression which she left upon the jury and the public was bad for Deverill. The missing man was suspected of having been an accessory, or of having acted under the instructions of his master. The general idea was that he must have disappeared to Deverill's desire, and that he had something vital to conceal.

The end of it all was that the inquest was adjourned for a week on account of the absence of Clark.

The whole of England that night knew that Richard Deverill had had a violent quarrel with the murderer man, that Deverill was lifted from poverty and financial trouble to probable affluence by the death, and that nobody else had anything to gain.

The general suspicion against Deverill was very strong, but his friends, of whom he had many in the neighbourhood, promptly rallied about him. The general idea was that he must have been a highly-respected family, and with personal qualities which made him liked by almost everybody he came in contact with. None of his own set or class in the county believed for an instant that he was guilty.

Sir Warren Corry, most kind-hearted of men, and staunchest of friends, linked arms with Deverill when the inquest was over.

"I wish you'd come and stay with me, old chap," he said. "Your own place is no good to you, with your man in hiding and his wife in tears."

Deverill promptly accepted the invitation. At dinner that night his host referred to his position with open frankness.

"It's a damned bad, Deverill," he said; "there's no two ways about that. It will be over in a week, no doubt. In the meantime, however, you are undoubtedly under some suspicion."

"That's clear enough," answered Deverill. "I'm right in thinking, am I not, that something lies behind your asking me here?"

"You're right. The police have been instructed to keep an eye on you."

"They're bound to do it," said Deverill, "with the evidence as it was to-day, and that idiot of a Clark absent. He's a woolly-headed chap, anyhow, and doesn't know much more than his wife. I've not the slightest doubt that the fool went away from the best of motives. He heard a lot of the row that night, and thought his evidence would be much against me. Instead of that, his going keeps me on tenterhooks for another week. His absence added just the shade of additional suspicion against me that did the trick."

"I think so, too," said Sir Warren. "Go very quiet, old man—be discretion itself. You'll be more or less under observation, you know—unpleasant, but can't be helped."

"You have become responsible for me in a way, haven't you?" said Deverill.

"Yes. Anyone of a dozen of us would have been glad to do the same. I've quietly given my word that you won't make any attempt to go away."

During the intervening week Deverill was cautious to the extreme in his every movement. He kept himself within the limits of Sir Warren Corry's grounds, and if he twice met Lady Gascoyne when she was out for a walk across fields, that seemed the most natural thing in the world. Her ladyship had got visibly older in three days. Her anxiety was more apparent than Deverill's.

"Alanson," she said, at the second of these meetings, "has written to me about it, as he generally would. He sympathises deeply with your position, and has not the slightest doubt that the painful week will be ended without further trouble to you."

She told him also that Gertrude had come to Compton Knogle.

"I don't want to worry you, Dick," she continued, "but she knows something, or suspects something, about you and me. Her manner tells me that. She is like a policeman to me—I feel as if I were being watched. She is trying to be kind in her way, but I know why she is here. She's afraid in her heart that under pressure of anxiety she may be doing rash or foolish. She thinks of Alanson's interests."

Deverill pretended to put a kinder construction on Gertrude's presence.

"I am more intimate in your house than anywhere else in the county," he said. "She would know that you would be anxious from the best of motives to get her out of the country, such a worrying Rosamond. It will come all right."

She tried to do as he said, but her anxiety was obvious and her depression visible through the weary days that dragged along.

When the adjourned inquest was resumed, no trace had yet been discovered of the missing Clark. The general evidence was presented, however, such a nature that the jury, after long deliberation, brought in a verdict of murder against Richard Deverill.

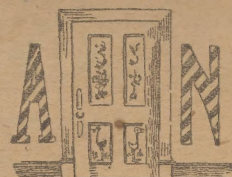
His friends believed in him as staunchly as before, even though the newly-discovered facts appeared to bring guilt close home to him. The general public, throughout the country, had no doubt but that he was guilty, and this popular view was confirmed when the magistrates subsequently committed him for trial at the assizes.

Deverill, of course, was not admitted to bail. He had the consolation—such as it was—of knowing, as he sat in his cell, that he would not have to wait long for trial.

The Wells Assizes were fixed for the coming week.

(To be continued.)

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ISRAELI AS A MAN.

The Great Lord Beaconsfield Born a Hundred Years Ago To-day.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

A hundred years ago to-day, on December 21, 1804, Benjamin Disraeli, novelist, wit, Prime Minister, and Jew, was born into a world which he always regarded as an oyster waiting to be opened, and which he determined, as soon as he became conscious of it, to open very wide.

Open it he did in course of time, in spite of all his disadvantages. He himself was never inclined to admit that he was so much handicapped in the race for Fame as was generally supposed. He once wrote a very interesting letter on this point, which is not to be found in any of the books about him, but which we are allowed to publish.

It was addressed to one who had dealt with his early life in a magazine article. Disraeli said:—

Hughenden Manor,
December 15, 1873.

If I might venture to notice a point, comparatively unimportant, I would remark that you have, in deference, no doubt, to the usual narrative, a little exaggerated the difficulties with which I have had to contend in life.

I had the advantage of an eminent father, from whom I inherited a fair patrimony, including a freehold estate in the county which I represent.

He was not happy, certainly, in the profession which he selected for me to follow, but it should be remembered for his vindication that I entered it under circumstances which would have rendered its pursuit a course to me of great worldly advantage.

Believe me, your obliged and faithful servant,
B. DISRAELI.

The profession to which he objected was that of an attorney. He declined to follow it. Instead, he became an author. But it was not alone authorship which brought him into notice. He became equally famous for his clothes.

Society received him as a wit, an eccentric, an epic poet, a novelist, and, above all, as an amazing dresser. He was seen everywhere. Count D'Orsay drew his portrait—his lively pale face and coal-black hair in ringlets—and gave him advice on shirt-fronts!

He was pleased with society, but it did not satisfy him. He met Sir Robert Peel at dinner, and told him that he wanted to be Prime Minister. Sir

Robert laughed, but Disraeli was intensely in earnest. To be Prime Minister, however, he required money, and he had none; friends, and he had few; reputation, and he was known only as a fop and an author.

His first speech in the House of Commons was a complete failure. It was stopped by howls of derision at his costume and his mannerisms.

Gradually he worked himself to the front. He made people take him seriously. He married a very rich woman, older than himself. However, he made her a devoted husband, and she adored him.



"He made his wife a Countess and his Queen an Empress."—(By permission of "Vanity Fair.")

Everybody knows the story of Mrs. Disraeli and the carriage. She drove down with her husband one night to the House. He had an anxious night before him; it was necessary to keep his spirits up. As they got into the carriage her finger was caught and crushed in the door. She never said a word. She endured the agony in silence so as not to perturb her lord and master's mind.

In return he never allowed a word to be said against her. Once at a club some men ventured to rally him upon his wife's age and appearance. "Gentlemen," said Disraeli, pale with anger, "Do none of you know what gratitude means?" And he rose and left the room.

THE AMERICAN MME. HUMBERT.

(Continued from page 6.)

The elegant house, furnished in such perfect taste, became one of the fashionable centres of the town.

Already men were becoming infatuated with her beauty. "Let me furnish your house," one impassioned young banker pleaded, and Lydia de Vere accepted the offer. Another bought her horses, and a third, more wealthy than the rest, had sent to New York for a wonderful necklace of pearls.

Her thought-rendering salon was always crowded. Gradually the women fell away, and the men took their place.

An amazing scene occurred one night. One of the wealthiest bankers in the district was dining alone with Madame de Vere. As she sat at the table the man became intoxicated with her beauty. Diamonds gleamed in her dark hair, at her throat, and upon her arms and hands.

"I am a very lonely woman," she said, in her low, thrilling voice. Presently, in her luxurious sitting-room, she had the man at her mercy.

He came to her chair, and his hand played with the waves of her hair. Suddenly she had shaken off the strange tenderness for a moment.

"You will do me a slight favour?" she asked carelessly. The man snatched her hand. "Wait," she said laughing. "You don't know what it is." She crossed the room, unlocked a bureau, and took from it some papers.

"These are my securities I have just received, and I want a little money on them," and she handed them to the banker.

HER CONQUEST OF EUROPE.

"Of course," replied the man, glancing rapidly through the documents. They purported to be share certificates in one of the most profitable American railroads.

"Let me see; 40,000 dollars (£8,000) will do," she said, and the next morning received the money.

By degrees many of the wealthiest men in Toledo were drawn into her net. Offers of marriage were made to her by scores. But she refused them all. Lydia de Vere preferred to live her life alone.

Then, as suddenly as she had come, she left Toledo. The beautiful little house and its luxurious furniture were quietly disposed of, and Lydia de Vere and her maid disappeared.

Quietly Lydia de Vere left America and travelled for a year in Europe. Her beauty and the magnificent dresses she wore made her a conspicuous figure in every hotel she visited.

For a time this amazing woman was satisfied. In Paris, in Vienna, and on the Riviera, she became known. Her diamonds were famous. A score of men went to the hotels at which she

stopped, and left her hopelessly infatuated. In all this time, however, she made no attempts to acquire more money.

Finally, she left Europe and, travelling across the world, reached San Francisco. Within a few months her beauty and wonderful personality had brought her into the heart of Californian society.

Once more Lydia de Vere revelled in her old powers. Men fell in love with her and she made them her dupes.

A wealthy Californian came to her one day. "You have forged my name," he said.

She did not even deny it. "I have borrowed your name," she said quietly. She looked at the man and her voice dropped.

THE FRUITS OF JEALOUSY.

"I had need of the money," she whispered, "and you were my best friend." With a sudden change, "I do not want your money," she cried, "give me an oath of your silence for three months and come to me again at this time."

The man went away deeper in the toils. At the end of three months he came to her again.

Lydia de Vere received him coldly. "Here is your money," she said proudly, and handed him bills for \$5,000.

The man rejected them. "Marry me," he pleaded, "and you shall command a million of money."

The beautiful woman laughed scornfully. "Never," she said, and sent him from her presence.

But the end was to come. Early in 1890, a young financier named Richard Brown fell into the toils. He followed her everywhere, and sent to Europe for a famous set of diamonds for her.

A thousand times he implored her to marry him. "Wait," she said tenderly, and allowed him to kiss her. Another young millionaire mine-owner became infatuated, and a fierce jealousy arose between the two.

Lydia de Vere, with marvellous ingenuity, played the two men one against the other. But she made a false step. Her extravagances had lowered her bank account. To augment it she forged young Brown's name for \$50,000 (£10,000). The same day she drove out with the Californian.

That night, Brown, furiously jealous, demanded an explanation.

"You dare question my actions!" she cried, with flashing eyes; "I give you what I please, no more."

The dénouement came three days later. The forged bill was discovered and traced to Lydia de Vere. She was arrested that night at her hotel.

(To-morrow will be told the story and the result of her sensational trial.)

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

The following was often quoted in my school days:—

"Money makes the Man,

Manners make the Gentleman."

Woodbridge, Suffolk. A. S. C.

"A MINER'S WAR."

I should think working men have had enough of Mr. Chamberlain's great missionary schemes.

The South African War was one. He told us it was a miners' war. It cost us £250,000,000, thousands of valuable lives, and then we found out it was Chinese miners he meant. G. SPIES.

St. Philips Marsh, Bristol.

"THE NOISANCE OF NOISE."

Might I suggest to your correspondents who object to noise in every form that there are still some islands yet uncolonised.

Of course, some would have to be taken to stop the noise of the sea if the island selected should be a small one.

As regards "noisy boys" and their "bad manners," has your correspondent, A. P. Verker, ever heard the sounds during recreation time in our great public schools? W. GREY.

3, Muschamp-road, East Dulwich.

THE NORTHERMBERLAND "WOLF."

The theory that this wolf is a dog, or in the alternative that there is no wolf as there was no tiger or bear in past scares may, or may not, be true.

But it is a fact that a few years ago some cubs were turned down in Hertfordshire, and one of them developed into a beast of prey which was either a wolf, a coyote, or a jackal. It worried sheep and was hunted, and eventually shot, and may now be seen stuffed at a Hertfordshire farm. Harpenden, Herts. F. C. P.

"A WOMAN'S VIEW."

I thank you most sincerely for publishing my letter. One feels one may have some hope for better times when the Press so freely allows discussion of social abuses. I have received many interesting letters, all in accord with my views, but one.

One has only to take up any paper to read heartbreaking tales of child murder, concealment of birth, finding of infants' bodies, and baby-farming, to realise that my letter only voices what is unhappy one of the greatest blots on our so-called civilisation.

I am far from thinking that men only are to blame. But woman being the "weaker vessel," it should be the proud privilege of man to protect her—so far as he can. (Mrs.) B. H. DERRY.

Mount Radford-crescent, Exeter.

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN SAYING.

Powder and Shot in the Far East.

More ammunition has been used in a single day in Manchuria than was required to fight the Spanish-American war.—Mr. T. F. Millard, in "Scribner's Magazine."

Belief and Practice.

The failure of men to realise the ideals of the Sermon on the Mount is no proof that they do not believe in them, nor that they are not of real service to the world. We are bad enough with them; but without them where should we be?—Melbourne Argus.

Chance for Enterprising Investors.

"You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel," says Palstan, when he brings the news of Hlopur's rebellion. Were he alive now he would be a bargain-hunter in the foreign market.—The Times Financial Supplement.

Enemy to Christmas Shopping.

Shopkeepers all count on a certain recklessness in their customers at this time of the year, a largeness of spirit which results in heavy purchases. The fog is the enemy of that spirit. The probabilities are that in Bond-street Monday's fog made a difference of many hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds in the takings of the shopkeepers.—Daily Telegraph.

The Churchgoing Belle.

Let us have a church-going uniform—say, a vestment like an umpire's coat, made of canvas (or of sackcloth—anything cheap will do), and covering the wearer from neck to heel. A canvas cap will do the rest, and place all men on a level—in church. Nobody will be ashamed to go because he has not a frock-coat and a tall hat.—Mr. Andrew Lang in "Longman's Magazine."

The Tactful Doctor.

It can be truly said that no profession calls for a greater display of tact than that of medicine, and yet, how many physicians are deficient in this very essential quality. Its possession even in a man of mediocre professional ability is frequently sufficient to give him a place in popular estimation far above that of his less tactful though more able colleague.—International Journal of Medicine.

FOR THE NURSERY.

Books to Buy To-day as Christmas Gifts for Quite Little Ones.

One of the most fascinating books for winter afternoon reading in the nursery is Mr. Puxton's CHRISTMAS BOOK, edited and illustrated by Olga Morgan. Bradbury, Agnew. It depends to a great extent on its illustrations, coloured, of course, like most others; but the letterpress is delightful, too. The illustrations and wording of "What Amelia used to think," how the little black boys and country where there were little black boys and girls, ride on a tiger, and then sail home again in a big ship with white sails, is delightful.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF HENNY-PENNY, pictured by W. D. Adams. Heinemann, 1s. This is a dear old nursery story, which, it seems strange, illustrators have hitherto overlooked. Mr. Adams has remedied that very thoroughly.

A BUNCH OF KEYS, by Margaret Johnson W. and R. Chambers. A number of simple stories, in which many of the words are replaced by drawings, so as to provide easy but amusing puzzles for little readers.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES; a selection. Pictured for Children, by CANTON MOORE PARK and REND BULL. Nelson, 5s. Scores by its illustrations, which, as is guaranteed by the names of the artists, are excellent. The letterpress of the familiar fables is told in the simplest of English verse by Edward Shirley, and rivals the pictures.

ESSENTIAL FEATURE OF CHRISTMAS.

Quite half the fun of Christmas celebrations lies in the snapping of crackers and the furrage about among the remains for mottoes and toys or paper caps. Christmas would not be Christmas without them. The best crackers this year are made by Messrs. Brock, who do not confine their attention to the more pretentious fireworks, and by Messrs. Batger and Co., whose crackers are most extraordinarily cheap.

Publishers' Announcements.

"Of gifts, there seems none more becoming to offer a friend than a beautiful book."—BRONSON ALCOCK.

Books are the best CHRISTMAS PRESENTS:

and all who wish to give books should ask their booksellers to show them some of the charming volumes recently published by Messrs. METHUEN. They should particularly ask to see LITTLE BOOKS ON ART, THE ILLUSTRATED POETRY LIBRARY, LITTLE GALLERIES, and LITTLE QUARTO SHAKESPEARE. If more expensive books are desired, Messrs. METHUEN have recently published some magnificent facsimiles of SHAKESPEARE'S FOURTH FOLIO, Parkin's SHAKESPEARE, &c.

All good Booksellers keep these Books. Kindly refer to Messrs. METHUEN for their CHRISTMAS BULLETIN, their Prospectuses, and their new Announcement Lists, post free on application. METHUEN and CO., 36, Essex-street, Strand, &c.

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A Book of Information and Advice for the Married and Marriageable. By

LYMAN B. SPERRY, M.D. "Treats a difficult subject tactfully and sensibly."—"Star."

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WITH YOUNG MEN. 3/6 CONFIDENTIAL TALKS

WITH YOUNG WOMEN. 3/6

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Have you seen this pretty Little kitten on the cover of the December LONDON MAGAZINE, now on Sale Everywhere, 4d. net? A superb number.

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 Nearly opp. Suburban Entrance G.E.R. Station.
FAMOUS OLD PORT WINE & SPIRITS HOUSE
OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.
 Noted for Good Value, Purity and Low Prices. All
 Wines and Spirits sold by the Glass, Bottle, Dozen, or
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NOW READY. 5s., 7s., 8s., and 10s. each. Free
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IN TINS 1d. AND 3d. EACH.
(The larger tins being airtight are recommended.)
**Boots' Drug Stores, International Tea
Stores, Chemists & Confectioners,**

10 per Cent. Discount for Cash
STAR FURNISHING CO.
Established 1879.

APLIN & BAKRETT, Ltd., YEOVIL.

Or at 14, Peter Street, Manchester.



GIFTS TO FILL UP GAPS IN THE YULE-TIDE STOCKING.

FOUR DAYS ONLY.

PRESENTS THAT CAN BE MADE QUICKLY.

Girls who can only afford to spend a very little money on Christmas presents for their friends may, nevertheless, with a little ingenuity, make lovely and acceptable gifts for them, even if they only devote a few days of this, the week before Yule, to producing them.

They can seat themselves down with needles and embroidery silks, scraps of brocade and satin, and strings of beads, and can evolve a wonderful number of dainty trifles in that time, which would represent in money outlay quite a large expenditure.

Doll Pin-cushions Are Dainty.

One of the most fascinating novelties this year is found in a revival of that charming old fashion of doll pin-cushions. The tiny penny dolls are used, and the pin-cushion itself is mounted on a disc of stout card neatly covered. The Pompadour figure at the left-hand side of the sketch is quite easy to dress, for, truth to tell, most of the trimming is

into which a photograph may be put. The other end must then be pleated up and finished with another ring, by which this original frame may be pinned upon a curtain or an overmantel. Another very charming version of the same idea is made by using a narrow strip of card covered with a trail of ribbon-work roses instead of the rows of rings. There is such a rage for bags of all kinds for day and evening use that they are sure to be one of the

is illustrated in the third column. In her room at Cambridge she has a bed which in the daytime serves as a sofa, and looks like one, too, which is a most estimable fact, for nothing so detracts from the elegance of a sitting-room than a couch that is obviously a bed at night.

The whole secret of making the bed look like a couch in the day is to saw the legs low, so that the sofa is not raised high above the ground. A

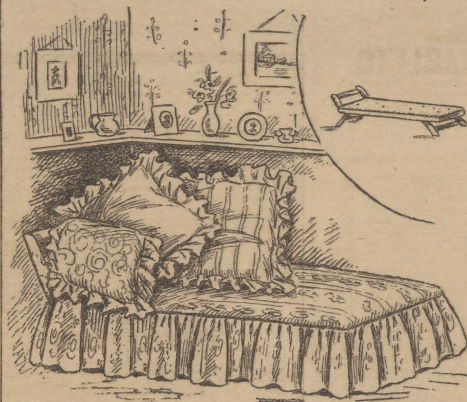


All these pretty gifts, which include some very dainty pin-cushions, a calendar, a bag, and ornaments for the personal adornment of dolls and grown-up girls, have been especially designed with the object in view of their being made up quickly for Christmas.

favourite items to make at home this year. Our suggestion is for one of soft silk or satin with a design worked in beads upon it. This can be done comparatively quickly. A transfer pattern may be used, outlined with gold thread, and then just filled in with beads. The pattern should not be ironed

simple process, is it not? And yet very few people until they have tried the effect of it realise how successful it is.

Having shortened the legs of the ordinary camp-bedstead, a pretty cretonne cover should be made for it, with a flounce hanging all the way round



The metamorphosis of an ordinary camp-bedstead into a sofa is shown in the sketch on the left. The main point about the change is the shortening of the legs of the bed, which can easily be accomplished. The bed in the daytime is covered with cretonne and has cushions heaped upon it. It makes a useful extra bed during holiday times.



A large bag filled with lavender to be hung in a wardrobe among the dresses.

pinned on. The little paniers are outlined with ribbon braid, ribbon secured by little coloured-headed pins, and a band of ribbon round the skirt is manoeuvred in the same way. Brocade is, of course, the ideal fabric for this dainty lady's gown.

The very quaintest little seated figures may also be made, and will be observed at the other side of the picture. In this case the doll is attached to the back of the pin-cushion. A tiny china cup and saucer rests on her knee, and she wears a very quaint mob cap. Box pin-cushions are also once more in favour. Boxes of all shapes and sizes may be utilised. The box should first of all be covered with glazed lining, which is partly stuck and partly sewn on, the lid itself being over-sewn upon the main box. Then the outer low-edged muslin covering only needs a few tacking threads, and may easily be taken off to be washed when dirty.

Chiffon Flowers on Handkerchief Cases.

Handkerchief and glove sachets are made year by year. Some of the prettiest are those composed of pale glass silk, with sprays of flowers upon them, of which only the leaf part is embroidered in silks, the blossoms being supplied by dainty artificial violets and tiny roses, of which the heads are sewn securely on to the silk. The objection may be offered that the flowers will not wear well, but, as a matter of fact, if they are good they will stand a great deal of wear.

It is quite marvellous the number of things that a length of ribbon will make. A ribbon calendar is a this year's novelty. A strip of ribbon, about ten inches long, is required to make it. It is first of all daintily embroidered, and below the embroidery has a small calendar, which has been removed from the cheap cardboard mounts attached to it. Each end is then sewn on to a piece of stiff whalebone, or wood, and finished at the corners with bows of narrow ribbon, which ribbon also serves to hang the little calendar on the wall. A small water-colour painting on the ribbon is even prettier than the needlework.

What a Length of Ribbon Will Do.

Another ribbon present comes from America. Of five-inch ribbon half a yard will make this pretty trifle. Procure five or six small curtain rings and cover them in button-hole stitch with silk twist to match the ribbon. Then sew them together in two rows the width of the ribbon, and fringe out either edge of the ribbon. At one end sew on the rows of rings at a suitable distance apart to form a slot

upon the silk, but traced on with white carbon paper. Double strings of beads form little slots through which the ribbon that secures the bag is passed.

Another type of bag is shown in the first column. It is stuffed with sweet lavender, and is intended to be hung in a dress cupboard to scent that which it contains.

Jewellery for the Dolls.

An excellent idea for a gift is one of the dainty hairmounts that are all the fashion. These are very expensive to buy, yet may be made for quite a small sum. A new idea this season that could be very easily carried out is for a plait of satin ribbons in three very delicate shades, such as pale mauve, pink, and blue.

One little notion must be mentioned for the children. Of course, they will have dolls galore dressed for them, but no one will think of making a bead necklace for the doubtless disreputable but favourite doll that is the possession of every little girl. Such a gift is sure to be received with delight, especially if a pair of bracelets accompany it.

THE EXTRA GUEST.

A great many people will be wanting to put up an extra guest at Christmas time for a night or two, and will perhaps be wondering how they can do so without effacing the beauty of their sitting-rooms. Girls who live in college rooms have very clever and practical notions upon this subject, and it is from one of them that the suggestion comes that

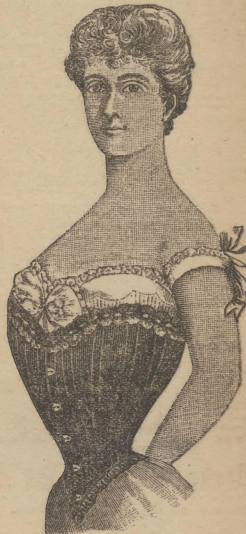
NEW FASHION IN XMAS CARDS

From now until Saturday evening everybody will be buying Christmas cards, for nobody—or hardly anybody—takes any notice of the Post Office's appeal, "Post early."

Christmas cards are very beautiful this year, but the Christmas card has been practically superseded by the ingenious little calendars which Messrs. Raphael Tuck have brought out in such quantities this year. They have spaces for address and memoranda, and might also be called diaries.

They have many advantages over the ordinary Christmas card. In the first place they are useful, and in the second they keep the giver in mind for more than a few short days. For those who like the old-fashioned card—a pretty picture and a seasonable wish—there are as many as ever, but they will have little chance in the competition against this new rival.

MME. DOWDING.



THE NEW PRINCESS WASP WAIST

From 21/- to 6 Guineas. A certain cure for Obesity—a Speciality of Madame Dowding's Corsets—and are daily recommended by the leading physicians of the day STOMACH, INDIGESTION, and OBESITY, which can be reduced without the slightest inconvenience. Also braces up the figure, and gives freedom of movement to every muscle.

MME. DOWDING, Corsetiere, 8 & 10, CHARING CROSS ROAD, (Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square). Gentlemen's Belts and Corsets a Speciality. (All communications in Bell Department strictly confidential.)

JUST THE THING FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

For 5/-



We will send you a Pictaresque AQUARIUM as per Drawing, including Twelve alive Gold and Silver Fish, a Coral Grotto overgrown with verdant waterweeds, unobtainable elsewhere under 100s. A Beautiful Present and Ornament. Sent securely packed direct from HARRY GAYS, Royal Fisheries, 33, Waterloo Bridge Road, London, E.C.

FASHIONABLE

ATTE YE SIGNE

OF

KELSEY,

482

OXFORD STREET, HYDE PARK, W.

EVERY FOOT CAN BE FITTED.

TWO SMART SHOES



SATIN GIPSY SHOE (various colours), 6/6
BLACK GLACE KID, 5/6

WILL WEAR WELL



SATIN COURT SHOE (various colours) or BLACK GLACE KID, 4/9

FOOTWEAR

DAINTY, YET DURABLE

ESTAB. 1859.

High-class Goods at Popular Prices

Latest West End Styles

American and English Shapes

Send for Pretty Price List

RACING AT WINDSOR THREATENED BY FOG.

Biology Carries His Penalty to Victory in the Clewer Steeplechase.

"GREY FRIARS" SELECTIONS.

A thick fog hung over Windsor yesterday morning, and fears were entertained that the meeting on the Ray, Meadows would suffer a postponement in consequence. The air, however, cleared sufficiently before one o'clock to permit a start being made by rain. Fruit Girl, however, was not so strong in demand as Lamos, who after winning at Kempton Park was bought in for the good sum of 250 guineas.

Fruit Girl performed so creditably behind His Lordship at Kempton Park that she was deemed to possess a good chance of winning the Clewer Maiden Hurdle Race, and thus continuing Mr. Stedall's luck, which ended in the Sandown race being awarded to Hartfield, especially as His Lordship was not eligible to run. Fruit Girl, however, was not so strong in demand as Lamos, who after winning at Kempton Park was bought in for the good sum of 250 guineas.

Backers were right in their judgment, as Mr. Stedall's representative performed disappointingly, and Lamos won in a canter from Lord Albroton's Hurdle Race, who was running on, was third, and he evidently likes this branch of sport, as he jumped well, and if, as is reported, Belle Saville is the friend of the pair, Mr. Jersey should soon win a race.

Only six turned out for the River Selling Steeplechase, and it would indeed be difficult to find a more sorry lot. Mr. Peebles's Travieso, who was advertised to be sold in the race, was equal favored with North Sea, but both failed to secure a place. Mr. F. W. Polehampton's Fire Island, who fell at Warwick last week, winning easily. The winner was bought in for its guineas.

Last year Liberté placed the Clewer Steeplechase to the credit of the late Mr. Ben Cooper, but the daughter of Bonnet Rouge—Retenive could get no nearer than second to Biology, who beat her by three-quarters of a length.

There are few amateur riders that can compete with Mr. Ivor Anthony, and he again won in a canter when riding Wenepher in the Thames Handicap Hurdle, the popular impression being that the amateur winner, Montefiore, would again score. Mr. H. Brown's representative, however, had to put up with second berth.

Mr. Gore had five starters in the Tuesday Hurdle—one of his own and four trained by him. Singularly enough, however, he was not represented in the race, and some good wagering was seen between Proud Beauty, Oudry, and Colourless.

The first-named was originally favourite, but weight of money for the other two caused the odds against Mr. J. Hare's filly to advance. Proud Beauty, however, emerged from the mist well in front over the last obstacle, and won easily.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

WINDSOR.

- 1.0—Shortest Day Steeplechase—MAY'S PRIDE.
- 1.30—Selling Hurdle—ROYAL ROUGE.
- 2.0—College Steeplechase—HACKENSCHMIDT.
- 2.30—Selling Steeplechase—HONESTUS.
- 3.0—December Hurdle—LAWRENCE.
- 3.30—Three-Year Old Hurdle—HACKENSCHMIDT.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

LAWRENCE. GREY FRIARS.

RACING RETURNS.

WINDSOR.—TUESDAY.

- 1.0—CHRISTMAS MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs. Two miles.
- Mr. R. Wright's LAMOS, by Lasterlin-Samson, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb.
- 1st Sir R. Burdon-Hodges's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 2nd Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 3rd Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 4th Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 5th Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 6th Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 7th Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 8th Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 9th Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.
- 10th Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.

Winning trained by Mr. J. H. B. Harris. Won easily by four lengths; laid third. The winner was bought in for 110 guineas.

1.30—RIVER SELLING STEEPLECHASE of 70 sovs. winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Two miles and 100 yards.

Mr. P. W. Polehampton's FIRE ISLAND, by Candianes, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb.

Mr. C. G. Povey's IRON, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb.

Mr. H. P. Povey's IRON, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb.

Mr. S. Povey's IRON, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb.

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Mr. S. Povey's IRON, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb.

Wagoner, 100 to 8 any other (offered). Won easily by three lengths; a similar distance between the second and third.

3.0—TUESDAY SELLING HURDLE RACE of 70 sovs. winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. J. H. B. HARRIS's LORD ADVOCATE, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.

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HAS ENGLISH FOOTBALL GREATLY DETERIORATED?

How the F.A. and the League Have Brought About a Lower Standard of Play.

WHAT MUST BE DONE.

There is already a good deal of discussion on the personnel of the English International Association teams for this season's contests, and it is generally admitted on all hands that the selection committee will have a most difficult task.

Not that there are not so many good average players as usual, but because there are few who stand out head and shoulders above their fellows. It is a time of mediocrity, and the wirepullers of the League and the Football Association have themselves to thank for it.

Quite unhesitatingly I say that the state of slavery in which the professional player is held is a plank for the wirepullers. It restricts his wages to £4 per week, prevents him signing a contract with his club for more than one season, and also stops him from leaving his employers at the expiration of the contract should the club managers wish to retain his services.

This, of course, is a story, but it is telling on the game. Players have a hardship, and they have no real incentive to strive after the plums of the profession. Football, which was once a game of the people, is now a game of the few.

It restricts his wages to £4 per week, prevents him signing a contract with his club for more than one season, and also stops him from leaving his employers at the expiration of the contract should the club managers wish to retain his services.

What, for instance, would Dan Leno have been had he been restricted to £4 per week. Merely an average comedian. He had the ability to succeed, an open field, and he made the most of it. Had he been restricted to £4 per week, he would have been a failure.

Just so with the professional footballer. I have doubtless said too much, but it is a good many of them, and all men of the best type. Whilst individually not one of them would admit that he did not always play his best, as a team they are a disgrace to the game.

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AUSTRALIAN CRICKET.

New South Wales Easily Defeat South Australia with an Innings to Spare.

THE TEST MATCH PROBLEM.

Concerning the decision of the Board of Control to extend only the fifth Test match beyond the third day is necessary to decide the rubber, a correspondence with the president, the Marquis of Granby, pointing out that if at the end of the fourth match only one had been won, and that by Australia, then if England gained the fifth within the three days which would in any case be allotted to it the rubber would still remain undecided.

The correspondent having asked his Lordship whether under such circumstances he thought it would be possible to arrange a sixth match, to be played by the fifth day, the following reply has been received from the Marquis:

"Dear Sir—I am obliged for your letter about the Test match. Owing to the fact that all available dates for the cricket season of 1905 have already been appropriated by the counties and other leading cricket associations, I am afraid that the suggestion you have made to me in your communication is not such as to be within the bounds of practical consideration for the coming season. This being so, I regret that I do not see my way to hold out to you any hopes that your proposal can become effective, for 1905 at any rate. I will, however, bear it carefully in mind.—Yours faithfully, GRANBY."

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